MOUNTAIN VIEW U.H.S.
19

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

DONORS: MARJORIE NEWMAN & IDA FULLER (deceased) 1-24-1994

To

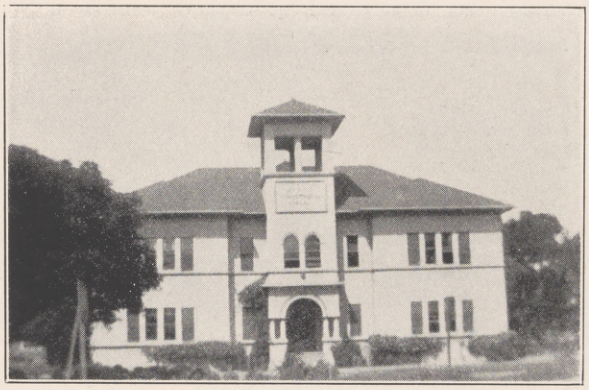
Mr. Joel Andrew Snell

Our Friend and Class Adviser

We, the Class of Nineteen Nineteen of Mountain View
Union High School,
affectionately dedicate this issue of the
"Blue and Gray."

THE BLUE AND GRAY

Mountain View Union High School



MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA
JUNE 1919

FACULTY

Mr. W. E. Hester
Principal
Chemistry
Girls' Physical Education

Miss Geneva Johnson
Vice-Principal
Latin
Spanish
English
Tennis

Mrs. W. E. Hester
French
History
Dramatics

Mr. Joel A. Snell
General Science
Mathematics
Physics

FACULTY

Miss Marie K. Mitchell
English
Music

Miss Berthadel Beers
Algebra
Bookkeeping
Stenography
Girls' Basketball

Mr. Beryl K. Smith
Manual Training
Mechanical Drawing
Boys' Athletics

Miss Clara F. Hodges
Biology
Cooking
Sewing

GRADUATES

NOBLE LOGAN

HELEN BAKER

BALDO TUTMAN

GRADUATES

RALPH EMERSON

RUTH NOLL

MARIE BIANCHI

PAUL BOOHER

GRADUATES

WILLIAM GEISLER

MARIAN REGLI

GENEVIEVE GRANGER

DELMER LOGAN

GRADUATES

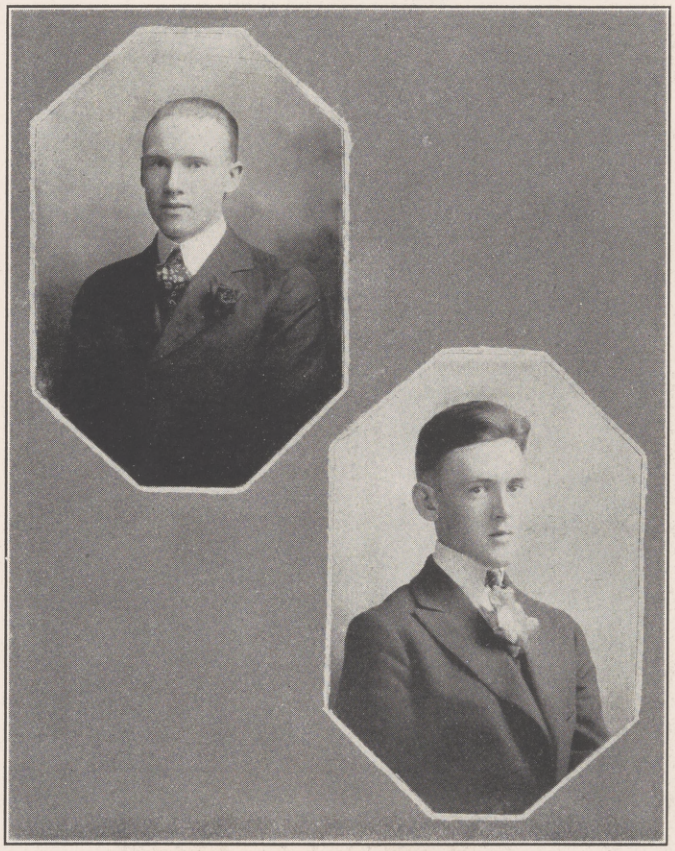
WAYNE HAWKINS

GERTRUDE LEWIS

DOROTHY MELSOME

THOMAS SLOAN

GRADUATES



EARL McLAUGHLIN CHARLES HENDERSON

FILLMORE ROWLES ALSO RECEIVES A DIPLOMA. HE IS NOW WITH A BRANCH OF THE MARINES IN SIBERIA.

Class Colors: Royal purple and White.
Class Flower: White Carnation.

SOME FORMER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '19

In Memoriam

In Loving Appreciation of our Former Teacher and Friend

Miss M. Grace Rowe

Who Passed to the Great Beyond October 15, 1918
While on Active Service at Our School
as Director of the Junior Red Cross and the Patriotic League

Who should be named as our heroes?
Who should be lauded and praised?
Those who have striven and conquered?
Those who have striven and died?
Here in our midst was a woman,
Fashioned by God for good deeds.

She passed in the midst of her duties;
She died before Light shone through Night.

She 'twas who guided our efforts—
Patient and kindly and true—
Encouraging, helping, and urging,
The Cause to push on to success.
Self was not spared in the doing;
Service her watchword was, aye.

She passed in the midst of her duties—
She died before Right conquered Might.

LITERARY

THE GERMAN ROBBER BARON

MR. JOEL A. SNELL, PALO ALTO, 1915.

William of Hohenzollern was a robber baron born,
A hundred generations of seed must bear its corn;
He always saw the sword glint, and he always heard the drum,
And "right divine" for his own line, whispered "My kingdom come."
He addressed the lord of battles like an equal on his throne,
And scarcely bowed his crown'd head that awful God to own;
While the reason that he did so was to fill his folk with fear,
That their own king, a mortal thing, should speak with God so near.

While robbers of that time of night along the castled Rhine,
Slew and thieved in petty wars, and women stole, and wine,
And ravaged narrow fields and set their watchers on the roads,
And castles burned and villages, and peasants' mean abodes,
Our awful king craved every land and coveted the sea,
And sent his millions out to slay, wherever freemen be;
First Belgium he trod in the dust and ravished in his ire,
Then said, "I France and England must show heat of German fire."

He scorned the Jap and galled the Russ, and Romans tried to bribe
With gifts of neighbors' goods and lands; he roused the Turkish tribe.
And never Vandal, Goth, nor Hun, in all the years before,
Nor Tartar Timour pillaged so, or ever murdered more.
"O God! he tore thine altars down! Thy churches all left bare!
He blasphemed Thee, and slew thy priests the while they chanted prayer.
Can we not call thine anger down? Elijah did of old.
He slew the spoilers of thy house—that prophet grim and bold.

"And Hezekiah prayed to Thee. Thine angel came at night;
Assyrian eyes were closed in sleep; they never saw the light.
O Lord! give courage to our hearts, give force to all our blows;

Avenge our slaughtered innocents; defend us from thy foes."
Thus, so they prayed in Flemish lands, and on the Tiber's banks;
Then Russian Ivan signed the cross; then Englishmen gave thanks;
While outraged bloody Serbia swore loud another prayer,
And Frenchmen counted rosaries, no need for words found there.

Then Freemen rose on every side, ringed William round with steel,
And though their millions fearless died, their squadrons did not reel;
They trod him down and trampled him, and all his minions beat,
And lifted prostrate manhood up, and set them on their feet;
With tryant kings they crowded out their claims of right divine,
And placed the seal of God on souls, on all of Adam's line;
So while the future years roll round, and stars still shine above,
The reign of Kaiser, King, and Czar, must aye be rule of love.

Then war will pay the debts of peace, and when the debts are paid,
The spears will change to pruning hooks and swords be plowshares made;
The lusts of men shall change to love, wild beasts shall rend no more;
The mightiest shall be ministers; the rich shall love the poor;
The leopards and the lambs shall rest; young lions shall not eat
The kids or fatlings from the stall, but grass shall be their meat;
And Christ, the Lord, shall rule the earth as prophets truly told,
And the golden age shall gleam again as it one time did of old.

THE RIVER'S COURSE

KATHRYN EVERTON, '22

All was in shadow in the narrow, winding little valley. The river wound its intricate way from the snow-capped mountains, dashing over little cataracts, around huge boulders, beating itself into foam and mist as it whirled giddily round the obstacles in its headlong way. Then, bounding in freedom, it eddied in deep pools, to emerge a calmer and quieter river, and gently washed the margin of its snowy little beach.

On the opposite bank columbine twined about the willows and bracken of a primeval thicket. The natural terraces, rising a little above the river-bed, like footstools of Time's aged sentinels, were covered with Spring's gifts to the world. Wild, climbing roses lent their beauty to the fairy green of the tall bracken.

As a tiny child reaches fondly to caress its parent's head, so these roses reached and clung to their fern-guardians' slender stalks.

Above, clothing the giant mountains' sides in darkest green, the fir trees swayed with every gust of wind, while higher still the lordly brothers of the forest, who had attained a nobler growth, solemnly waved their massive arms to say farewell to the sinking sun, whose coppery, golden glow tinged their topmost branches with his setting beams.

THE TALE OF AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN

MAUDE ELKINS, '20

We were three days out from Hong Kong, loaded with rich silks, spices, coffee, and tea, when we sighted a ship carrying full sail, but with no smoke coming out of the big, black funnels. This seemed strange, so I got out my marine glasses and trained them on the vessel. She had a sharp prow, as if built for speed, but this was the only prepossessing thing about her. Otherwise she was dirty and of an ungainly shape. What seemed stranger yet, no flag was flying at her mast.

As she excited my curiosity, I ordered the crew to lay the ship off her course and head for the queer-looking craft.

In about an hour we lay alongside, and I saw that at close quarters she was no more prepossessing than at a distance. Her sails were a dirty brownish color, once white, and were patched in many places. The decks were black with filth and looked as if they had not been washed down since the ship was new.

There was not a sign of life about her. I cried, "Ahoy there! What ship is that?" No answer. "Ahoy! Is there no one aboard?" again I shouted. The deep silence was my only answer.

By now my curiosity was aroused to such an extent that I would not have gone away from that ship without penetrating the mystery for a million dollars.

I took the first and second mates and three of the crew, and we went up the side of the vessel, hand over hand, on a rope that was hanging over the side.

We came on deck and looked around. Still no sign of life. We walked on in order to see if we might find anything there to lighten the mystery.

As we turned to go, I imagined I heard a stealthy footstep. I faced around quickly, just in time to see a villainous face peering at me, which suddenly drew out of sight.

Suddenly it dawned on me what sort of ship this was. We had boarded a pirate vessel! The whole deep-laid plot was to catch an unsuspecting crew and steal its cargo. It all fitted in—no flag flying, no smoke coming from the funnels, no signs of life whatsoever—all meant to deceive their victims into thinking there was no one aboard.

I had to think quickly, for I knew that where there was one black and sinister face there must be many more. I figured it out this way: About twelve of them would leap out on us, and the remainder go over the side to battle with our crew. We would have practically no chance, and could escape death only by a miracle. Rather than be killed without having made any attempt to get away, I decided to take a chance. After giving the others the signal, I casually moved along the deck to the place where the rope was. Just as I was about to leap over, the whole pirate crew jumped. I had just a fleeting glimpse of the enormous, murderous-looking fellows, with gold rings in their ears, red sashes, and dirty, gayly decorated costumes of odds and ends, when they were upon us,

striking right and left with their swords. The first mate went down before the onslaught, and the others fought furiously. Before I had time to defend myself, I was hit over the head with a blunt object, and everything went black.

How long I was unconscious I do not know, but when I came to, it was dark, and there was no one on deck save the dead, strewn all over, many lying in their own blood.

Evidently my loyal followers had perished to the last man. To my astonishment, I felt the motion of the ship under me and realized that I was alone on a fast-moving craft, with murderers and cut-throats, at whose hands I could expect no mercy. Knowing well what treatment to expect, I was filled with terror at the extreme peril of my position.

For the present, at least, I was safe, as they believed all their assailants to be dead. Discovery was imminent, however, for at any moment someone might come to dispose of the bodies.

My only chance lay in a speedy concealment. Later, from a point of vantage, I could work out plans for escape.

With this idea in mind, I crept stealthily along the deck, succeeded in gaining the hatch, and let myself down into the pitch blackness of the hold. Once there, I crawled over innumerable boxes and bales, the plunder of many an ill-fated ship, until I at last reached the farthest corner, where I lay down behind some large chests. Knowing that I was safe from discovery for the present at least, I decided to try to get some sleep.

I fell asleep almost immediately in spite of the discomfort due to my surroundings. You see I was extremely weak from the effects of the blow.

When I awoke, I was very stiff and sore from my cramped position. I was also very hungry, for I had eaten nothing for over twenty-four hours. In the hope of finding something eatable, I searched the entire hold, but to no avail.

The next two days in the hold were one long nightmare of misery. The pangs of hunger grew more acute each hour, until I nearly went mad. In fact, at times I was out of my head.

Finally, in one of my lucid moments, I realized that something must be done and done quickly if I did not intend to die like a rat in that foul hole. It would have been far better to give myself up to the pirates than to endure the unmitigated horror of another day in such a place.

Thinking over my position, I judged that I had one very slim chance of escape and decided to act upon it immediately. My plan was to obtain a life-preserver and leap overboard in the hope of rescue from a passing steamer. The risk was very great, but, on the other hand, it meant certain death, sooner or later, to remain on the ship, so I might as well die trying, anyhow.

That night about 12 o'clock I silently went up through the hatch and secured a life-preserver in one of the cabins. Then the craving for food overcame my caution, and, forgetting the risk, I made my way to the galley and began eating ravenously.

I had taken no more than two or three mouthfuls when I heard footsteps approaching, and I had to retire, my hunger still unappeased.

I then went directly to the deck, fastening my life-preserver as I went. I poised myself on the rail and leaped over, hoping no one would hear the splash as I struck the water.

Down, down I went into the sea, until it seemed as if I could never come up again. When my lungs were nearly bursting from the strain, I began to rise and was soon inhaling great draughts of life-giving air.

The water was so cold that I began to feel numb all over. I knew that in my weak state I could not escape the languor that was fast creeping over me. In spite of this, I made a strong effort to remain conscious, but I could feel myself going, going, and then I knew no more.

When I came to, I was lying in a comfortable bunk and could feel the gentle roll of a large ship under me. Unable to believe my senses, I looked all around wonderingly, finally encountering the gaze of a man in the uniform of the United States Navy.

He smiled and said, "Feeling better?" I answered, "Yes," rather dazedly, and asked how I happened to be there. He replied that the lookout had sighted a man in the water and, upon communicating the fact to an officer, a boat had been lowered to pick me up.

I then told him my adventures, and when I had finished, he told me that there was a reward of $5,000 offered for the capture of the pirates. He added that the money was mine if I could give them directions explicit enough to enable their ship to pick them up.

I directed them as well as I could, and we started in pursuit. Soon we sighted a smudge of smoke on the horizon, which later proved to be the pirate vessel.

When they saw a man-of-war bearing down upon them, they became frightened and offered little resistance. The entire pirate crew was put in irons, and we proceeded on our way, followed by the pirate ship manned by our sailors.

As luck would have it, I received the reward and rejoined my ship. My crew, who had mourned me as dead, expressed great joy at my survival.

THE EVENING

EARL MCLAUGHLIN, '19

It was an evening in the spring of the year, one of those evenings which follow a clear, hot, cloudless day. Everything seemed to be waiting breathlessly for the sun to set and close the long, perfect day. It was warm, balmy, as clear as the tones of a bell. The air was filled with the perfume of the wild roses, and one felt that he could not inhale enough of the pure, sweet air.

The sun, just setting, threw the reflection of trees in long, graceful shadows upon the still moist, green grass.

There were a dozen different birds in the trees and air. One would sing close by, and then another from a distance would answer with a clear, sweet, musical voice. No bird-man ever came near imitating that song. Even the worst sinner could not doubt for a moment but that it was the master work of God. There were no words to describe the beauty of it. One felt he must shout for joy at the bigness, the mystery, and the charm of the golden evening.

But there was one person who was not happy—a poor little mother seated on a bench under a large apple tree, close to a stream of water. She was crying quietly to herself. This little mother was dying of a broken heart, broken through yearning for her boy, who had left her ten years before. He had left his mother in a fit of anger and had never come back. If that boy had known the price his little mother had paid for the harsh word she had spoken to him, he would have come to her even though he might have had to come on his hands and knees.

But it was all too late now, for as the sun was disappearing behind the distant hill, she sank to the ground on her knees and asked God to save her wandering boy. Then as the sun slipped from sight, when the shadows disappeared, the roses closed, as the birds tucked their heads under their wings, and the little stream settled for its long, busy hum for the night, the little mother's soul passed from the body as it rested on the still, moist, green grass, to that beautiful place where hearts are never broken, and the sun never sets, but shines in all its splendor forever and forever.

THE WARWICK HALL PRIZE

MARION SNELL, '22

Laughter rang out through the corridors and halls of the Warwick Hall School.

Everywhere was the question: "Are you trying for the prize?" There was a prize of $50 for the best composition of six hundred words on "Temperance."

Laura Evans, affectionately called Larry, was a sweet girl whom everybody loved. She was by far the most popular girl in school, liked for her winning ways and wholesome manners. She was eagerly engrossed in the writing of her theme, confident that she would win, as were all her friends.

Laura was hurrying down the hall to go to the Assembly Hall. As she turned a corner, a tall, dark girl stepped up to her abruptly and haughtily asked her if she were going to compete for the prize.

Laura was astonished at the manner of the girl and replied that she intended to do so. The girl's eyes flashed with anger as she said: "You—what do you want with $50—you who have everything and I nothing?"

This said, she hurried down the hall, the hot tears in her eyes. Laura mused over the incident a few minutes, then inquired of a sister who the girl was. The sister replied that it was Grace Sloan, who, it seems, had just entered school that term. The sisters had had a great deal of trouble with her, as she resented all that she did not have and had a quick temper.

That evening Laura sat at her desk contemplating the way the strange girl had talked to her. She went down to the little chapel for prayers, a custom she had long followed. As she softly opened the door she heard muffled sobs. Through gleams of the lighted candles around the altar she distinguished a kneeling figure. She heard the fervent prayer uttered from the girl's lips that she might get the prize the following week. So quickly did the prayer end and she walked so swiftly out of the chapel that Laura had to hide behind the door. As the girl went out, Laura saw her face. It was the face of Grace Sloan!

Slowly and thoughtfully Laura walked back to her room. So the girl had really wanted the money! She had not been jealous of Laura. In the chapel Grace was not the same fiery girl she had been in the hall.

Laura finished her theme by the end of the week. She could not forget the tear-stained face nor the hurt look of despair.

As the days went by, all but five girls had withdrawn their compositions. They were Laura Evans, Grace Sloan, Ted Roberts, Roberta Long, and Betty Blythe.

The day arrived at last for the selection of the two best manuscripts. The two that were finally chosen were the work of Laura Evans and Grace Sloan. During this time Laura had seen nothing of Grace, nor had she repeated the little scene she had witnessed in the chapel.

At last she decided to take hers out on the pretense that it had been only half original. Her thoughts had dwelt much on Grace of late. Besides, she really did not need the money.

The teachers were vastly surprised when they found her reason, and so, of course, chose Grace Sloan's composition.

It paid Laura full well to see the light in Grace's eyes as she went up and received her reward.

Laura's friends were very talkative and full of wonderment and disappointment, but she did not explain that she had withdrawn hers.

That evening in chapel she heard the door softly open, and she saw Grace enter. She came straight to Laura and told her that she had done something to let her have the prize.

When Grace had finally made Laura tell her the truth she gently kissed her and hurried out into the dark grounds.

The next morning in Assembly Grace got up and told the class what Laura had done for her sake.

When Grace had revealed the mystery of the reward of the prize there were many cheers for Laura and many for Grace, too, for what she had done.

The judges decided, however, that having given the prize, they would not change their decision. This conclusion was reached after they had talked with Laura and learned that she desired it so.

Grace left school that term, but the incident of the unselfish and noble character that had been one girl's was long remembered by Warwick Hall.

THE SUNSET

EARL MCLAUGHLIN, '19

The golden sun is setting 'pon the western shore,
We're tired and very weary, we'll row Life's boat no more;
The leaky craft is sinking, age has reached its core,
The waves are growing weaker, soon we'll drop the oar.

The proud old trees are falling that grow 'round the bay;
They moan and creak and rumble; the wind makes them sway.
The leaves upon the trees are not allowed to stay;
They turn from green to gold and then, in time, decay.

It's growing very dark, the sun has left the mound,
Life exists no more, but goes back to the ground.
What care we if life has passed by leap and bound?
The soul has gone to heaven—there a home has found.

SENIORS

President ..... NOBLE LOGAN
Vice-President ..... WAYNE HAWKINS
Secretary-Treasurer ..... HELEN BAKER

The past year has been one unusually full of events, not only in the world at large, but within our own sphere of school activities. We have tried to take an active part in every project to raise money to help the soldiers and sailors "over there," as well as to attend to our school work properly.

The terrible wave of Spanish influenza, which swept the country recently, closed our school for all but five weeks of our first semester. This put us far behind in our school work and, in fact, in all of our activities. Everyone came back to school on the 6th of January, however, inspired with the determination to make up the time lost. Since then the school has been pervaded with a feeling of business-like activity lacking in other years. We have been able to make up the time lost, thanks to our teachers' earnest endeavors and our own hard work.

But, aside from our lessons, we have found time to attend to our annual affairs, such as the Freshman Reception and Old Clothes Day. On Monday afternoon, February 3d, we had a Rummage Sale for the Armenian relief, which was a huge success, over $70 being realized for this worthy cause. During the months January, February, and March, the members of the class of '19 subscribed $30 to the United States War Work Campaign out of a possible total of $160 raised in the school. These are but samples of the worthy causes to which we gave donations. Other organizations to which we subscribed were the Y. M. C. A., which is doing a fine work in this town and school, and the Salvation Army and one or two orphan asylums.

About the 1st of April, an inter-class track meet was held on our local track. No one class being large enough to warrant individual competition, the Juniors and Sophs took the field against the Seniors and Freshmen. The final score in points was in favor of the Seniors and Freshmen.

Owing to the great amount of time which we lost from school this year, the Senior Play was slow in making its appearance, but on the evenings of May 28th and 29th we put on a production entitled "One of the Eight," coached by Mrs. Hester, to whom we owe much of the success achieved.

Cameras have been much in evidence during the last two or three months. Surely this can be taken as convincing evidence of the spirit of friendship and close comradeship existing between the students here. We are about to take up our work in the world, and remembrances, such as pictures, will surely be cherished. To look back upon the happy days which we spent in Mountain View

High will be among our fondest memories, and these will be sweetened and made more real if we have the pictures of our schoolmates. We can truly say that we have enjoyed to the full the time that we have spent here, and though we are loath to leave these time-honored halls and grounds we look to the future with shining eyes and with bright anticipation. NOBLE LOGAN, '19

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '19

GERTRUDE LEWIS, '19

One bright morning in September, 1915, a group of timid freshmen entered the Mountain View Union High School. The shyness soon vanished, however, when the upperclassmen gave a delightful reception in their honor, thereby expressing their good will to the new class. The usual difficulties of algebra and Latin were encountered, but because of the frequent encouragement of Professor E. L. Zahn, who was the principal at that time, many were finally victorious and became sophomores.

Many changes were noticeable when the class assembled for its second year's work. There was an almost entirely new staff of teachers under the capable management of Professor J. I. Martin. The membership of the class, too, was changed—some had gone, others had come. The sophomore year was marked chiefly by the rivalry which prevailed between the various classes. The Class of '19 was never found lacking in expression of class loyalty. The class colors of shell pink and apple green were proudly displayed on a large pennant which occupied a prominent position on all important occasions that year.

The shadow of the great World War hung over the entire junior year and influenced many of the activities of that period. The Junior Red Cross was organized; the girls banded together in the Patriotic League; and every student answered the call of the United States Government for volunteers to sell Thrift Stamps. Although these were school affairs, the Junior Class found opportunities to express its patriotism and at the same time manifest its newly chosen colors of purple and white. It was in connection with this war program that the War Chest Fund was established by the Class of '19 for the furtherance of relief work by the school and contributed a liberal amount as the result of a rummage sale which was held. This extra work, coupled with the regular routine under the zealous leadership of Professor W. E. Hester, brought the term to a speedy close.

The senior year has been a short one—one filled with earnest work. The membership of the class has decreased from forty-nine in 1915 to seventeen, who are now leaving the institution. This discrepancy in numbers may be partially accounted for by the fact that eight former members are now in the service of the United States Government. It is with regret that many ties must be broken and with gratitude for the successful completion of the four years' course that the members of the Class of '19 are graduated and allow their names to be placed upon the list of the Alumni of the Mountain View Union High School.

WILL OF THE CLASS OF '19

WILLIAM GEISLER, '19, AND WAYNE HAWKINS, '19

We, the class of 1919 of the Mountain View Union High School, being of sound body and of disposing memory, and realizing that our high school days are soon to be memories of the past, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, revoking all other wills, bequests, and devises made by us.

First, to the Faculty we leave our thoughts of the many pleasant hours spent together, especially during examination periods.

Second, to our dearly beloved bosom friends, the Juniors, we leave that portion of the building called the physics laboratory, that they may benefit by the many lessons that remain scratched on the desk of that great physics genius, T. K. Sloan.

Third, to the Sophomores we bequeath our example set, when Juniors, in chemistry, hoping that they will refrain from mixing wrong ingredients and making such awful odors as issued daily from the laboratory.

Fourth, we leave the Freshmen that famous book, "How to Study," hoping that as they come out of their childhood they will give it their undivided attention and learn it by heart, as we all did.

Furthermore, we, the class of 1919, possessing merits individually which have been of the greatest value to us in making high school life more tolerable, and being of a very generous nature, befitting such a noble class as ours, do hereby cheerfully give our assets to others so as to have them continue as a part of Mountain View High School life, as follows:

I, Ralph Emerson, hereby bequeath my physics notebook to the waste-basket.

I, Ruth Noll, give to Marion MacFarlane my subdued manner and perfect carriage of body.

I, Genevieve Granger, bequeath my "come-hither" eyes and sisterly manner of talking to the boys to Gladys Newnan.

I, Charles Henderson, give my safety razor to John Springer, hoping it will be as useful to him as it was to me in Mechanical Drawing.

I, Delmer Logan, do bequeath my meeting place at the head of the stairs, and the girl I met there daily, to Jack Ehrhorn, asking only that he keep the meetings a secret and not make the mistake of publishing them in his physics notebook, as I did.

I, Gertrude Lewis, do leave my perfect disposition to Wenonah Stevens.

I, Baldo Tutman, bequeath my regular position from 4:15 to 5:00 p.m. on the porch of Curtoni's store to that famous Beau Brummel, Herbert Bigelow.

I, Helen Baker, give my section of said porch at said time to Hattie Bowers.

I, Paul Booher, having gained a good supply of surplus knowledge during my four years, leave this to Minter Holeman, hoping it will aid him in his endeavor to get through school without studying.

I, Earl McLaughlin, leave to Byron Tarr my bottle of bandoline.

I, Bill Geisler, leave my position as yell leader to John Manfredi, providing he does not practice in history class.

I, Noble Logan, bequeath my fancy for brunettes to Leon Couch in the hope that it will keep him safe from the clutches of our deceptive blondes.

I, Marie Bianchi, bequeath my power of oratory to Robert Wright.

I, Dorothy Melsome, give my habits of giggling and cutting up to Dorothy Bates, providing she uses these without annoying the faculty. (It doesn't pay!)

I, Tom Sloan, bequeath any stray "Snappy Stories" or "Police Gazettes" that I may leave behind to Ernest King.

I, Marian Regli, leave my ability to trip the light fantastic to Willie Glann.

I, Wayne Hawkins, bequeath the girl I left behind me to Paul Cameron, who has also been left behind, wishing them many pleasant hours in exchanging consolation.

Lastly, as executor of this last will and testament, we appoint Mr. Snell, our class teacher and ever willing adviser. In witness whereof we, the Class of 1919, have hereunto set our hand and seal this nineteenth day of June, in the glorious year one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

CLASS OF NINETEEN.

CLASS PROPHECY

CLASS OF 1919 IN 1925

GERTRUDE LEWIS, '19, MARIAN REGLI, '19, AND GENEVIEVE GRANGER, '19.

SCENE: Apartments of Gertrude Lewis, Marian Regli, and Genevieve Granger.

TIME: Winter night, December 5, 1925, 8:30 p.m.

PLACE: New York.

(Gertrude and Marian sitting at a table, one crocheting and the other reading.)

GERTRUDE: I wonder why Genevieve hasn't come? She's unusually late to-night!

MARIAN: I presume she still has a customer for whom she is crystal-gazing.

GERTRUDE: Did you have much trouble teaching those foreigners grammar to-day?

MARIAN: Yes, rather; nothing seems to sink in. *(Loud noise in entrance.)* That must be Gen now! *(Enter Genevieve carrying three letters.)*

GENEVIEVE: Hello! It's a pity you wouldn't look in the box and get the mail when you come home. Guess you don't want your mail, Gertrude. *(Gives Gertrude her letter.)* Marian is so busy with that old crochet that she——

MARIAN: What? A letter for me! Give it to me at once! *(Genevieve hands Marian her letter. By this time Gertrude has her letter opened.)*

GERTRUDE: Oh, it's a letter from Dorothy. She's in New York now. She says, "Dear Gertrude:" *(Marian and Genevieve, busy with their letters, pay no attention.)* Say! Why don't you listen to this?

MARIAN: Don't bother me!

GENEVIEVE: Say, Marian, let's listen. *(Marian puts her letter down.)*

GERTRUDE: She says, "Dear Gertrude: It's been some time since I have written to you, but do not think I have forgotten you or any of the class of 1919. Speaking of our class reminds me that I have something interesting to tell you.

I became so tired of my blonde hair that I decided to have it dyed. It is now jet black. I was most surprised upon entering Mme. Dupont's Beauty Parlor to have Marie Bianchi approach me. She is head hair-dresser there. In 1919 who could have imagined that?"

MARIAN: What do you know about that? I'll bet she doesn't look like she did in 1919.

GERTRUDE *(continuing reading)*: "Just guess who wrote to me from South America? I'll tell you—Ralph Emerson. He is head mechanic in Wayne Hawkins' Cement Works."

GENEVIEVE: I suppose they'll come back millionaires. I wonder if he still has his baseball disposition.

MARIAN: Oh, yes. See what we found in the paper tonight! Charles Henderson is star pitcher for the Seals!

GENEVIEVE: Oh, gee! He really did turn out to be some kid—absolutely

GERTRUDE: Well, are you through? *(Continues reading letter.)* "I wish that you could see my new studio. It is adorable. The people of the Bohemian quarter are so pleasant and agreeable. I wish you could come and see me soon We are *so* near each other. Your old classmate, DOROTHY MELSOME."

GERTRUDE: Read your letter, Gen.

GENEVIEVE: I have read mine. It doesn't take me an hour. Helen Baker says that the settlement district of Plain Dealing, Louisiana, is very congested.

MARIAN: Is she a settlement worker?

GENEVIEVE: Apparently! She said Baldo saw Tom Sloan in the wilds of Montana. He's compiling a new volume of Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary.

GERTRUDE: What's Baldo doing there?

GENEVIEVE: Well, you see, he travels for the Arrow Collar Company as their living advertisement. On one of his trips he passed through Mountain

View, and he stopped at Miller's candy store. Bill Geisler is now head dispenser there. Not that he does much work, but he draws the trade of the high school girls!

MARIAN: I thought he was going to be a lawyer.

GENEVIEVE: Apparently not! Gertrude, you look tired! Did you have a hard day at the office?

MARIAN: Well, listen to *my* letter! Oh, gee, it's from Ruth Noll. Listen! "Dear Marian: As I had a day off and was taking a walk through the park I met Delmer. He walked so gracefully I hardly recognized him. During our conversation he gave me your address, so I decided to surprise you by writing. He is now the head of the Logan Academy of Dancing here!"

GERTRUDE: Well, where's "here"?

MARIAN: Los Angeles, of course. That's where Ruth is!

MARIAN *(continuing reading)*: "I received a letter from 'Cope' last week. He is the head of a kindergarten in Calcutta, India. He certainly must have changed a great deal. He and Paul Booker are living together in a hut. Paul is a salesman for Melba and Jonteel face powders. Can you imagine that?"

GERTRUDE: I wonder why Delmer didn't say where Noble is?

MARIAN: If you'd wait maybe you'd find out.

GENEVIEVE: Hurry up!

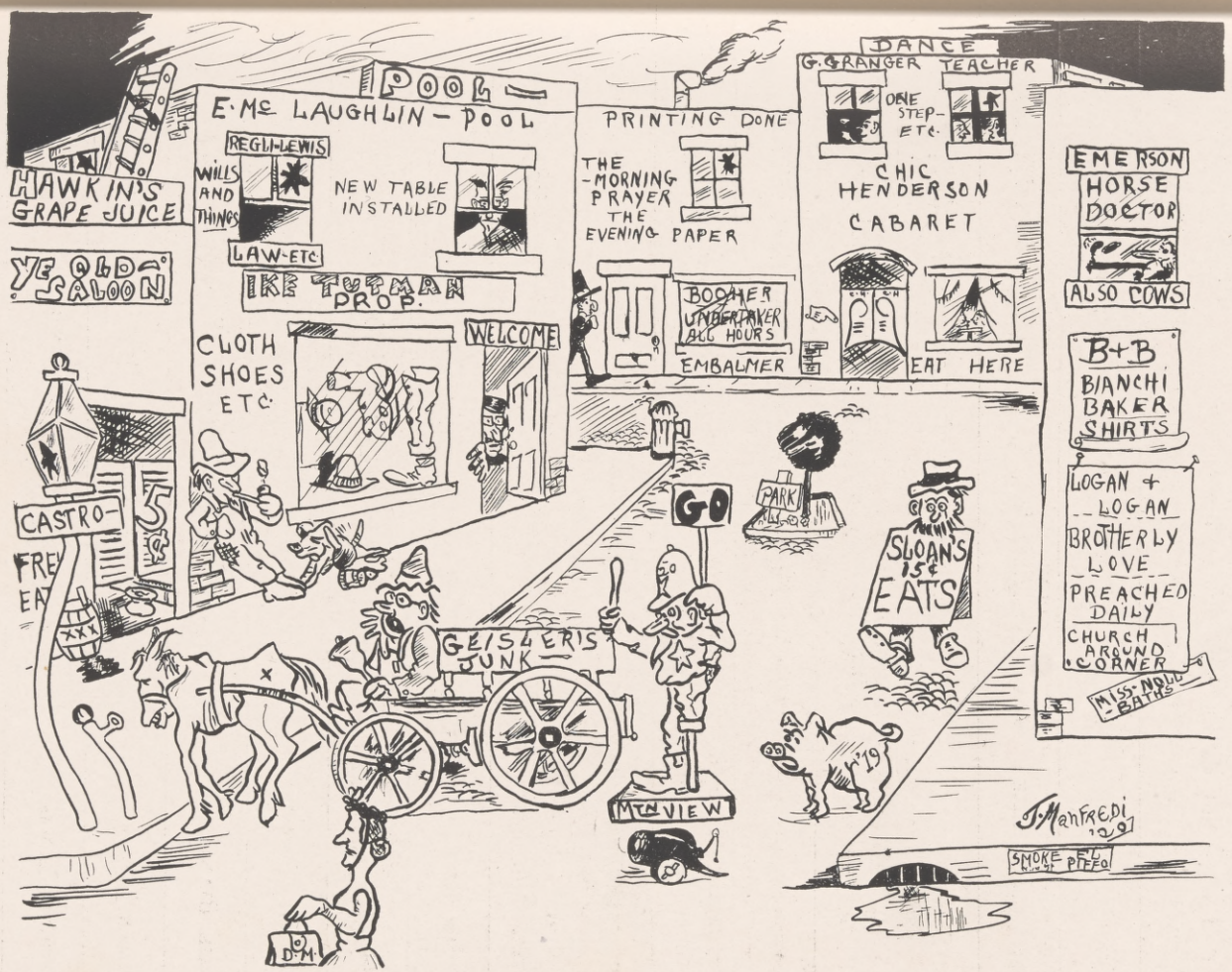
MARIAN *(reading on)*: "When I saw Delmer he said that Noble is a United States Senator for New Mexico. Write soon and tell me about yourself and the rest of old '19. I must mail this now, as I have to get up early in the morning. I am selling candy for Woolworth's. I weigh 110 pounds, so you see that it agrees with me. Good-night. RUFUS."

GERTRUDE: I certainly thought that she'd amount to more than that. Perhaps that's only a side line.

MARIAN: Let's hope so!

GENEVIEVE *(looking at clock)*: Do you realize that it's nearly 12 o'clock? Let's retire. Good-night, everyone. *(Exit Genevieve at left.)*

MARIAN, GERTRUDE: Good-night. *(Exeunt at right.)*



THE DESTINATION OF THE SENIORS ACCORDING TO THE LOWER-CLASSMEN

The Class Horoscope

NAME	COMMON NAME	OTHERS' OPINION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION
Helen Baker	*Baker*	*Serene*	*Dancing*
Wayne Hawkins	*Spud*	*Moody*	*Chess*
Dorothy Melsome	*Dee*	*Amiable*	*Seeking material for the Annual*
Tom Sloan	*T. K.*	*Absent-minded*	*Feeding the chickens*
Ruth Noll	*Rufus*	*Pretty nice kid*	*Domestic Science*
Charles Henderson	*Chick*	*Easy-going*	*Smiling like a cherub*
Baldo Tutman	*Tut*	*Ask Helen*	*Waiting for the Sunnyvale jit?*
Genevieve Granger	*Gen*	*Shy?*	*Primping*
Paul Booher	*Boo-her*	*Pious*	*Working physics problems*
Marian Regli	*Mary-un*	*Interesting*	*Studying?*
William Geisler	*Bill*	*A good bluffer*	*Eating*
Earl McLaughlin	*Cope*	*Bolshevistic*	*Making goo-goo eyes*
Marie Bianchi	*Jean*	*Ambitious*	*Telling her troubles to——?*
Delmer Logan	*Specks*	*A perfect dear!*	*Making promises*
Gertrude Lewis	*Gertie*	*Dignified*	*Flirting?*
Noble Logan	*Nub*	*Pathetic*	*Queening*
Ralph Emerson	*Emmy*	*Harmless*	*Sleeping*

The Class Horoscope

EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG	DESTINATION
"Don't let it happen again"	*"Waltz me around again —?"*	Social butterfly
"That's what she said"	*"Let's start all over again"*	Lawyer
"'Sfunny"	*"In the sweet bye-and-bye"*	Bohemian
"Go 'way; I can't be bothered"	*"Where do we go from here?"*	(Hard telling)
"Well, I don't care"	*"Then you'll remember me"*	Somebody's darling little wife
"Oh, yea!"	*"Oh, for a girl!"*	Minister
"Aw, what d'you want?"	*"In a cottage by the sea"*	Sir Baldo
"Oh, we should worry"	*"How would you like to be my daddy?"*	Prima Donna
"Fishhooks"	*"Put your arms around me, honey ——?"*	Big Government job
"Oh! Boy!"	*"Ah, 'tis a dream"*	Two in a bungalow
"I can't say it without laughing"	*"Hail! hail! the gang's all here!"*	Doctah
"Now, you kids quit that"	*"Little brown jug"*	Prohibitionist
"Can you imagine that!"	*"Mother says I mustn't, so I won't."*	Suffragette
"Yes! No!"	*"Oh, those wild, wild women"*	Charlie Chaplin II.
"Gee!"	*"No wedding bells for me"*	Librarian
"Where do you get that stuff?"	*"Her bright smile haunts me still"*	Floorwalker at Hale's Dept. Store, San Jose
"How do they get that way?"	*"Good-night, ladies"*	Prof. at a dancing academy

JUNIORS

GLADYS NEWNAN, '20

We, the members of the Junior Class, are twenty strong. In spite of the many hardships that we have had to endure this year, because of the interruptions we have had in our school routine on account of the influenza epidemic, we have been able to enjoy a few good times together. The principal one of these was the Junior-Senior Reception given on the evening of May 22d in the Domestic Science Building. The evening was spent in playing games and having a jolly time generally.

There have been many calls for money in the past year, and our class has always been one of the first ones to contribute. One noon, during the drive for the Armenian Relief Fund, we conducted a pie sale in the hall of the high school and raised $24. Cake and candies were also sold. Several of our class contributed articles for the Senior rummage sale. A comparatively large amount of money was subscribed amongst our numbers for the Victory Boys' and Girls' Fund and for the Y. M. C. A., which has been organized in this town.

We have been in great demand during the different athletic seasons. One of our members, Robert Bowers, has broken records of the Peninsular Athletic League in two different feats. He has also acted as pitcher on our school baseball team. In the baseball and basket-ball teams and on the track we have several representatives. Some who have taken a prominent part in athletics are Robert Wright, Stanley Hawkins, Jack Ehrhorn, Louis Mays, and John Manfredi. While our girls are not so active in athletics, one of our members, Dorothy Ehrhorn, represented the school most creditably in singles in tennis.

Nor must we forget that our class contains geniuses along different lines. The only prominent cartoonist of the school, John Manfredi, is one of us. Almost every day one will see illustrations of school news floating around the building or posted on the bulletin board, bearing his monogram in the lower corner. He has contributed several of his best drawings to the school paper. Also, in literary work, we have one amongst us, Maude Elkins, who is exceptionally clever with the pen, and we are sure all will enjoy her story in the *Blue and Gray*.

At the beginning of the year our hearts were saddened by the sudden passing of our friend and class adviser, Miss Rowe. At that time Miss Hodges was appointed to take her place, and since then she has proved herself to be a loyal Junior, tried and true.

JUNIOR CLASS

MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

Zella Bernard
Robert Bowers
Hedvig Christiansen
Leon Woodbury Couch
Dorothy Ehrhorn
Jack Ehrhorn
Maude Alice Elkins
Ida Fuller
James Frank Glann
Stanley Hawkins
Edna Inman
Ernest King
Richard Campbell Lewis
Theresa MacFarlane
John V. Manfredi
Louis Mays
Gladys Newnan
Lois Prior
Loraine Rippey
Byron Tarr
Robert Wright

Class Adviser—Miss Clara Hodges

SOPHOMORES

SYLVIA WYMAN, '21

When one visualizes the Sophomore Class in one's mind, he sees tall and slender students, short and stout ones, and those of medium build. Yes, there are extreme types in our class, and extreme types stand for variation. Now, as everyone knows, when a thing possesses variation, it usually proves interesting, so let it be said that we are interesting!

This year we have shown both class and school spirit. We were successful in raising a class subscription of $12 for the Armenian Relief Fund. We gave our best efforts to make the senior auction sale a success. Subscriptions were taken for the Boys' and Girls' Victory Drive. In this drive there were more sophomore solicitors than from any other class; of the seven captains, four were of that class. Just for a bit of fun we arrayed ourselves against the Seniors, or so they thought, in the Student Body election—all to no advantage. A Student Body election is, however, not the only activity, if activity it can be called, to which one's energy is confined. There are the boys' basket-ball, baseball, and track teams, in all of which we are represented; but the girls, too, deserve great credit, as four out of the six players on the girls' basket-ball team and three out of four girls on the tennis team are Sophomores.

Therefore, concerning the attainments of the class of '21, let there be a bit of self-commendation! Though the Juniors and Seniors have vied with each other in flaunting "supreme," after their respective '20 and '19, we claim to be the choice class! Our class is a class in which, Miss Mitchell says, there is material well worth developing, for why, she says, should she waste her time lecturing to a class that could not be bettered by these aforesaid lectures?

We have, each and every one of us, endeavored to do our best. Though some may have failed, yet the majority have succeeded because of individual effort and the patience employed by our several teachers. In a very short time each one of us will find himself or herself leading the life of a Junior, but collectively speaking, we question whether or not the life of a Junior holds more pleasure or more care than that of a Sophomore.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

MEMBERS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Lawrence Armanini
Herbert Bigelow
Hattie Alice Bowers
Herbert Bowers
Paul David Cameron
Myron D. Case
Gertrude Faucett
Blanche Glann
Jessie E. Garliepp
Bert Minter Holeman
Kathleen Logue
Verne Lewis Lovejoy
Ruth Marion Melsome
Olga Alice Miller
Ruth Stockle
Dorothy Wright
Sylvia Lucile Wyman

Class Adviser—Miss Geneva Johnson

FRESHMEN

MARION SNELL, '22

The Monday which the Freshmen had dreaded for months at last arrived. With an expression of "I don't belong here" on their faces they made a scramble for seats and were sure to get them close together.

Then they made out the schedules of their studies and visited the rooms. Each Freshman was sure to be seen with a slip of paper upon which his studies and the numbers of the rooms were hastily scribbled. Everyone was asking the question, "Where do we go now?"

They were duly initiated into the high school at the reception given them by the upperclassmen, especially the Seniors. The Freshmen showed themselves good sports in doing their part. The upperclassmen evidently had great admiration for those Freshman girls who wore their hair up, as they carefully loosened the coils and combed it down their backs!

The thinnest of the Freshmen were lovingly fed mush and milk by the thoughtful Juniors and Seniors. The girls were able to show their ability in singing nursery rhymes, while two of the boys were shown how to go through the process of shaving.

The class was composed of thirty-seven members. At the class election the following officers were chosen: President, Marion Snell; Vice-President, Richard Close; Secretary-Treasurer, Claire Nordyke.

The two most prominent athletes among the boys who contributed to the success of our basket-ball and baseball seasons were Jess Regli and George Powers. The Freshmen also contributed their best on the track, sending John Lewis, Richard Close, and Jess Regli.

The girls had a basket-ball team which showed up well.

On behalf of the Freshman Class, I thank our friend and class teacher, Miss Mitchell, for the help which she gave to us during the year. We thank also the other teachers with whom we have come in contact.

FRESHMAN CLASS

MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Albert Armanini
Dorothy Bates
Kirsten Boe
Georgia Brown
Ella Butler
Richard Close
Mina Davis
Helen Demezzi
Margaret Ervine
Kathryn Everton
Olive Garliepp
Herbert Graham
Maud Houseman
Clara Ivancovitch
Fern Kelly
Dorothy Levin
John Lewis
Marian MacFarlane
Emma Neuroth
Alvin Noll
Claire E. Nordyke
Lucy Porter
George Powers
Jess Regli
Robina Parker Robbins
Marion Snell
John Y. Springer
Grace Wenonah Stevens
Louise Tompkins

Class Adviser—Miss Marie K. Mitchell

At Stevens Creek
For those from France.
Our "freshie"
Copy — usual position
Sis pair.
"Forty-love"
Lets go!
Home-run Bill?
Lonesome?
Proposed Statuary
"Desperate."
"Up in the Air"
'19 Supreme.

THE ALUMNI

1904

Edward Green, *Teacher,* Aurora, Ore.

1905

Mrs. S. V. Addatto (née Edna Higgins), deceased.

Mrs. J. U. Levin (née Alice Whittamore), Mountain View.

1906

Willard Ayer, *Ranching,* Mountain View.

John Bubb, *U. S. Government Service,* Toledo, Ohio.

Rosa Sturla, *Teacher,* San Francisco.

Mrs. R. K. Barry (née Ruby Trubschenk), Sunnyvale.

Louis Wagner, *Druggist,* Mountain View.

1907

Charles Atkins, *Principal of Lincoln School,* Placer County.

Mrs. Totman (née May Cushing), Rio Vista.

1908

Mrs. Max Ish (née Henrietta Bar), Visalia.

Mrs. Claude Shull (née Adeline Chapman), South Lancaster.

Mrs. O. A. Tait (née Alice Chapman), Mountain View.

William Garlieppe, *Home,* Mountain View.

William Goodwin, *Teacher,* Los Angeles.

Mrs. C. E. Newman (née Alice Hill), Mountain View.

Max Ish, *Hardware Store,* Visalia.

Mrs. Albetsworth (née Barbara Knox), Tacoma Park, Wash.

Claude Shull, *Teacher,* South Lancaster.

1909

Mrs. E. Adams (née Agnes Urban), Palo Alto.

Miriam Burton, *Studying Music,* New York.

Albert Dickson, *Physician,* France.

Mrs. L. Dickson (née Ysabel Morton), Portland, Ore.

Mrs. G. Wilson (née Mary Eastwood), *Teaching,* Mountain View.

Roy Frick, *Ranching,* Hollister.

Nellie Garliepp, *Bookkeeping,* China.

Mrs. Harold George (née May Cushing), Oakdale.

Mrs. W. Goodwin (née Rosa Baker), Los Angeles.

John Sinz, *U. S. Steel Co.,* San Francisco.

1910

Dan Ames, *Shipyards,* Vallejo.

Mrs. C. Beal (née Helen Evans), Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. Beall (née Electa Burkett), Palo Alto.

Ewart Brightman, *Wearever Aluminum Co.,* Oakland.

Roscoe Durenberger, *Army,* Fort Logan, Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. F. Dunwal (née Weber), San Francisco.

Frank Herbert, *U. S. Forestry Service,* Los Gatos.

Mrs. C. E. Hustler (née Cathren Day), Sonora, Mexico.

Mrs. L. Landis (née Helen Drake), St. Helena.

Natalie Macrum, *Teacher,* Los Altos.

Mrs. E. de Wolf Mosher (née Fannie Distil), Mountain View.

Eva Newman, *Chicago University*, Chicago.

Ethel Phelps, *Teacher*, Philippines.

Pearl True, *Pacific Gas & Electric Co.*, Redwood City, Mountain View.

1911

Carrie Center, *Frazer's Dept. Store*, Mountain View.

Mrs. Edward A. Eversole (née Bessie Gwartny), Ukiah.

Raymond Frazer, *Working*, Fresno.

Mrs. Wallace Gwartney (née Joyce Colvin), Red Bluff.

Ottilie Hoernig, *Stenographer*, San Francisco.

Elizabeth Harcourt, *Teaching*, Carson City, Nev.

Martha Job, *Y. W. C. A. worker*, New York.

Bernard Mason, *Dairy Inspector*, Winters.

Leslie Morton, *Mechanic*, San Jose.

Frank O'Connel, *Home*, Mountain View.

Joseph Pasaol, *Ranching*, Mountain View.

Delma Phelps, *Teaching*, Mountain View.

Luro Rankin, *Illinois University*, Urbana, Ill.

Rudolph Swall, *Shipyards*, Vallejo.

Joseph Urban, *Oil Fields*, Oklahoma.

1912

Mrs. W. Boay (née Alice Burnes), San Francisco.

Ruth Booher, *Wiley B. Allen*, San Jose.

Mrs. Kelsey (née Phoebe Cook), San Francisco.

Arlie Corbet, *Teaching*, Mountain View.

Mrs. Anderson (née Lorna Donaldson), Palo Alto.

Mrs. G. Center (née Henrietta Drake), Mountain View.

Mrs. R. Harcourt (née Vena Goodwin), Redwood City.

Edith Hagerty, *Teaching*, Woodland.

Clara Hagerty, *Teaching*, Yreka.

Edith Houseman, *Art Store*, Mountain View.

Mrs. De Witt (née Josephine Kelsey), Yreka.

Goldie Genseler, *Teacher*, Ager.

Mrs. P. Livesay (née Louise Hobart), Palo Alto.

Mrs. Charles Moore (née Minnie Rowles), Mountain View.

Charles Moore, Moore's Furniture Store, Mountain View.

Raymond Mosher, *Music Teacher, Normal*, San Jose.

Dorothy Norris, *Pacific Gas & Electric Co.*, Redwood City, Mountain View.

Alice Roberts, *Pacific Press*, China.

Mrs. W. A. Rublad (née Blanche Butler), San Francisco.

Mrs. Couch (née Rilda Skinner), Tacoma, Wash.

Kenneth Slater, *Principal, Grammar School*, Mountain View.

Annette Steward, *University of California*, Berkeley.

Wauneta Watts, *Trained Nurse*, Florida.

1913

Esther Booher, *Art Store*, Mountain View.

Naomi Booher, *Teacher*, San Leandro.

Henrietta Dyer, *Teacher, Los Gatos*, Mountain View.

Alice Eastwood, *Teacher*, Mountain View.

Ethel Emerson, *Home*, Mountain View.

Edna Freeman, *Teacher*, Sunnyvale.

Reginald Harcourt, *Pacific Gas & Electric Co.*, Redwood City.

Clarence Kensler, *U. S. Army,* France.

Mary Logue, *Teacher,* Dunsmuir.

Ernest Loucks, *Captain U. S. A.,* Philippines.

Alfred Martel, *Lieutenant, Aviation Signal Corps,* Texas.

Marguerite Moore, *Nurse, Peninsula Hospital,* Palo Alto.

Emma Millet *Teacher,* Lexington, Ore.

Graden Poppleton, *Manager Century Electric Co.,* Seattle, Wash.

Glenmore Poppleton, deceased.

Alice Pearson, *Bookkeeping,* Mountain View.

Gladys Rogers, San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Spalding (née Irene Setzer), Sunnyvale.

Ada Wyman, *Teaching,* Hawaii.

1914

Mrs. O. Brubaker (née Madaline Brown), Los Altos.

Mrs. Ray Dunshee (née Loke Brown), Mountain View.

James Dermosy, *Sugar Plantation,* Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. Richard Hurley (née Ruth Drake), San Francisco.

Leslie Frazer, *U. S. Army,* France.

Mrs. J. McCarthy (née Eldora Freeman), Mountain View.

Mrs. Chapman (née Alice Hagerty), Hornbrook.

Florence Hoernig, *Teacher,* Termo.

Beulah Keagy, Sunnyside, Wash.

Edith Link, *Bookkeeper,* San Francisco.

Grace McConnell, *Minton's Lumber Yard,* Mountain View.

Iva Rogers, *Shreve's,* San Farncisco.

Mrs. E. Powell (née Fannie Razek), Mountain View.

Shoberg (Armstrong, Leona), Montague.

Alice Toft, *Teaching, Purissima,* Mountain View.

Harold Wright, *Naval Aviation,* Coca Sola, Panama.

1915

Alva Cooper, *Stenographer,* San Francisco.

Victor Davis, *Automobile Salesman,* Mountain View.

Margaret Dechman, *Student, Stanford,* San Jose.

Esther Frazer, *Student, College of Pacific,* Mountain View.

Marie Garliepp, *Post Office,* Mountain View.

Beulah Job, *Home,* Mountain View.

Thomas Kleckner, *Student, Oxford,* England.

Byron Koo, *Studying Medicine, Emery University,* Atlanta, Ga.

Harrriet Minton, *Teaching,* Los Angeles.

Donald Mork, *U. S. Army,* France.

Lila Ohmert, *Teaching, Guthrene,* Sacramento.

Charolette Ranney, *Student,* Santa Ana.

Mrs. H. Simshauser (née Lucile St. John), Mountain View.

Esther Smith, La Forte.

Angelo F. Semeno, *U. S. Army,* France.

Mrs. H. J. Giguni (née Margaret Wright), St. Helena.

1916

Elsie Baker, *Teaching,* Pond.

Bonnie Barkway, *Student, Stanford,* Mountain View.

Mrs. F. A. Gurries (née Vera Barnes), San Martin.

David Booher, *Home,* Mountain View.

Annie Center, *San Jose Normal,* Mountain View.

Natalie Couch, *Bookkeeper, San Jose,* Mountain View.

Marguerite Hyland, *Teaching Music,* Sunnyvale.

Mildred Holmes, *Stenographer,* San Francisco.

Esther Lawler, *Post Office,* Salt Lake City.

Louisa Lewis, *San Jose Normal,* Mountain View.

Donald McKean, *Ranching,* Merced.

Harold Moore, *Shipyards, Mare Island,* Napa.

Katherine Mockle, *Bookkeeper, San Jose,* Sunnyvale.

Edith Oliver, *Home,* Mountain View.

Clinton Parker, *Shipyards, Mare Island,* Napa.

Florence Regli, *McCarthy Cannery,* Mountain View.

Ernest Rankin, *Home,* Los Altos.

Henry Raines, *Mechanic,* Fresno.

Hugh Ross, *Clerk, Wabber's Stationery Store,* San Francisco.

Theresa Skinner, *Normal, San Jose,* Mountain View.

Henry Tompkins, *Stanford University,* Mountain View.

Helen Tompkins, *University of California,* Berkeley.

Mrs. Kelsey (née Ruth Tompson), Virginia.

Elsworth Trulsen, *Home,* Mountain View.

Viola Zahn, *College of Pacific,* San Jose.

1917

Dan Anzini, *Home,* Mountain View.

Alvin Brunhofer, *Standard Oil Company,* Santa Maria.

Gertrude Carrington, *Training for Nurse, S. F. Hospital,* San Francisco.

Ruth Davis, *University of California,* Berkeley.

Charles Deardorf, *Home,* Los Altos.

Willard Frazer, *Redwine's Garage,* Mountain View.

Catherine Fuller, *Lane Hospital,* San Francisco.

Mrs. Hugh Ross (née Alma Hall), San Francisco.

Mrs. W. Formway (née Myrtle Holden), Mountain View.

Pauline Hollis, *Stenographer, San Jose,* Sunnyvale.

William Huff, *College of Pacific,* San Jose.

Mrs. Holt (Mildrieda Hult), Mountain View.

Mark Ingraham, *Stanford,* Mountain View.

Alice Jess, San Francisco.

Philip Martin, *Navy.*

Ethel McGinnis, *Normal, San Jose,* Sunnyvale.

Marion Nichols, *Redwine's Garage,* Mountain View.

Ellen Nichols, *Pacific Union College,* St. Helena.

Flora Norris, *Home,* Chico.

Georgia Porter, *Bookkeeper,* Mountain View.

Eunice Reyburn, *Clerical Work,* San Francisco.

Norma Semino, *Stanford,* Mountain View.

Constance Swenson, San Francisco.

George Toft, *Ranching,* Mountain View.

Isabel White, *Home,* San Francisco.

1918

Eugene Adams, *Student, Stanford,* Mountain View.

Gladys Berry, *Nurse, O'Connor's,* San Jose.

Rinaldo Bianchi, *Window Decorator,* San Francisco.

Ada Booher, *Student, Normal,* Mountain View.

Louie Brisbat.

Calvin Case, *Stanford,* Sunnyvale.

Helen Curtis, *Post Graduate, Home,* Mountain View.

Claudia Davis, *Librarian,* San Francisco.

Edna Edeburn, *Pacific Union College,* St. Helena.

Hazel Friis, *Asst. Bookkeeper, Madsen's Furniture Store, San Jose,* Los Altos.

Lloyd Henderson, *Working at Camp Fremont,* Palo Alto.

Doris Jess, *Home,* Los Altos.

Gertrude Joseph, *Student, Stanford,* Mountain View.

Elias Marcus, *Military Teacher,* San Rafael.

Elsie Olsen, *Home,* Sunnyvale.

Wilma Reyburn, *Bookkeeper,* San Francisco.

Earl Smith, *Home,* Mountain View.

Oliver Thompson, *Co. B, 319th Engineers,* France.

Russel Wright, *Student, Stanford,* Palo Alto.

ORGANIZATIONS

RUTH NOLL, '19

Owing to the unusually short term, we have few organizations. They are as follows:

THE STUDENT BODY

The largest and most important organization is the Student Body. All pupils in the school who pay their dues are members.

THE MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS

On account of having such a small amount of spare time, neither the Orchestra nor the Girls' Chorus has participated in as many affairs this year as in former years.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra meets twice a week, with Miss Mitchell as instructor. It is a regular school course, so the students receive credit for the work. The Orchestra will play for the Senior play, "One of the Eight," and for Commencement.

The members are: Piano, Gladys Newnan; cornet, Verne Lovejoy; saxophone, Noble Logan; violins, Edna Neilson, Ida Fuller, Kirsten Boe.

Among the compositions practiced by the Orchestra recently are Moszkowsky's *Spanish Dances,* Nos. I, III, and IV; Saint Saëns *The Swan,* Grieg's *Solvejg's Songs* and *To Spring,* Chaminade's *Scarf Dance,* and Tschakoff's *Cossack Revels.*

THE GIRLS' CHORUS

The Girls' Chorus, under the supervision of Miss Mitchell, meets twice a week. It also is given as regular school work. The girls sang many times for the Assembly, and they will sing for the Senior play and for Commencement.

The members are:

Genevieve Granger, Dorothy Melsome, Gladys Newnan (piano), Lois Prior, Hattie Bowers, Kathleen Logue, Dorothy Wright, and Wenonah Stevens.

The girls have practiced amongst others, the following selections: "The Sweetest Hour," by Nichol; "In the Gypsy's Life You Read," by Balfe; "The Fay's Song" and "The Wood Nymphs," by Smart; "The Tender Grass Is Fresh and Green," by Nessler, and "Gypsies' Song," by Barret.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

This organization has not been so active since December. This spring, however, through the efforts of its members, a number of glasses of jelly were sent to the Letterman Hospital for the convalescent soldiers.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

MARIAN REGLI, SECRETARY
THOMAS SLOAN, 2D VICE-PRES.
DELMER LOGAN, PRESIDENT
LEON COUCH, TREASURER
STANLEY HAWKINS, 1ST VICE-PRES.
WENONAH STEVENS, SGT.-AT-ARMS

The Freshman Reception

On Monday evening, December the 8th, the upperclassmen tendered the freshmen a reception, according to the annual custom. It was given at this late date because the long influenza vacation had intervened. The yell leaders, by their contagious enthusiasm, soon had all in good spirits. Then our new members were entertained with many comical but well-meant initiation stunts.

During the evening vocal solos were rendered by Genevieve Granger and Jessie Garliepp. Hattie Bowers favored us with a piano solo. Our acting principal, Mr. Staley, spoke, welcoming our new and brave freshmen. Our principal, on leave, Mr. Hester, also spoke. Then refreshments of ice cream and cakes were served. All went home glad that the freshmen had dispensed with some of their timidity!

Prune and Apricot Day

On Prune and Apricot Day, October the 4th, school was dismissed to allow all the students to be in the parade at half-past ten. All the girls of the Junior Red Cross marched, dressed in the uniforms which they wore in the workrooms.

Armenian and Serbian Relief

During the week assigned for the drive for raising money for the Armenian and Serbian Relief, all four classes were very busy in their efforts to help. The freshmen had a grab-bag; the juniors held a pie sale; and the sophomores and seniors coöperated in a rummage sale. Each class was very successful in its undertaking. Altogether the sum of $150 was realized for the worthy cause.

Not only was a good amount of money taken in, but the experience and fun in conducting each affair were enjoyed by everyone, including the members of the faculty.

Debating

Although there was no debating between schools this year on account of the loss of time, we did have some informal debating in one or two of our Student Body meetings. A number of students engaged in a heated impromptu debate on a petition to our Representatives in Congress to back up the movement for a League of Nations.

The following week the local Grange, through Mr. Hester, invited a number of the students to present both sides of this subject at their meeting, which they did. The speakers were: Affirmative side, William Geisler, Dorothy Melsome, Jessie Garliepp, Helen Curtis, and Richard Lewis; negative side, Frank Glann, Tom Sloan, Stanley Hawkins, Hattie Bowers, and Delmer Logan.

Soldiers from Letterman Hospital

At noon, April the 11th, twenty-five machines made a trip from the Letterman Hospital, San Francisco, to Saratoga, stopping at way points. There were about one hundred wounded soldiers and twenty-five nurses from "over there." The machines came into the school grounds and formed a circle around the students of both the grammar school and the high school. They stayed but ten minutes, but in that time the high school students sang "Home Again," while a committee of eleven girls served candy and doughnuts, all of which were made by the girls at home and in the Domestic Science Building, and gladly donated by the young people. They also presented them with small bouquets of California flowers, while some pupils of the grammar school served oranges. The boys cheered them, and they went on their way, declaring that they had had the best reception of their whole trip at the Mountain View High School.

Feed for the Boys

During the early spring the boys spent many long, hard hours working on the new track field. They helped in loading, unloading, and spreading gravel and sand brought from Stevens Creek. One afternoon a group of girls gave them a surprise. It was a delicious lunch of coffee and sandwiches. All ate so heartily and joyously, both boys and girls felt well repaid for their labors.

Supper for Basket-Ball Boys

On Friday evening, May the 9th, a group of girls gave a supper to the basket-ball boys at the home of L. W. Hawkins. The supper was their reward for having won the championship in basket-ball. The supper was followed by dancing. It is needless to add that all spent a delightful evening.

Junior-Senior Party

On May the 22d the annual Junior-Senior party took place. Nearly all the students from both classes and several members of the faculty were present, and a most jolly evening was spent.

The Dinner Served the Boards of Trustees by the Domestic Science Class

Friday, at half-past six, May the 16th, the annual dinner was served by the girls of the Domestic Science Department in honor of the members of the respective school boards and the principals of the high school and grammar school. The color scheme was red and white. The five-course menu served was as follows: Fruit nectar; breaded veal cutlets, creamed potatoes, green peas, Parker House rolls and butter; asparagus salad and salad rolls; ice cream and cake; coffee and mints. The class that prepared and served the dinner consisted of Hedvig Christiansen, Blanche Glann, Claribel Graham, Della Miller, Ruth Noll, Ruth Stockle, and the instructor, Miss Hodges.

The meal was heartily enjoyed, and the class was highly complimented on its work.

Supper for the Basket-Ball Boys and Girls

At 7 o'clock Saturday night, May the 17th, Mrs. Hester was hostess to the boys' and girls' basket-ball teams in the Domestic Science bungalow. There were twenty guests. This supper had been promised last fall, providing the boys won the I. A. U. League championship. The girls also won the championship of their league, so Mrs. Hester included the girls' team.

It is not necessary to state that the meal was most tempting and delicious, for this was the menu: Tomato jelly with shrimps and cheese biscuits, chicken pie, mashed potatoes, escalloped corn, rolls, jelly, salted almonds and olives, ice cream and cake.

Senior Play

The members of the Senior Class were most successful in their play this year, a clever college comedy called "One of the Eight." It was pronounced by many to be the best production given by the high school for some time. The

members of the cast sustained their parts most creditably throughout, some showing exceptional talent.

The play was given before large and appreciative audiences on the nights of the 28th and 29th of May, and, by special request, was also given in Sunnyvale on the 5th of June. Its success was greatly due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Hester in coaching and to the ready response and hard work of the cast.

The cast was as follows:

Henry Brooks.....William Geisler
Mr. Brooks, his father.....Paul Booher
Mrs. Brooks, his mother.....Ruth Noll
Helen Baldwin.....Helen Baker
Bab.....Marie Bianchi
Lord Chillingworth.....Tom Sloan
Peter, his valet.....Earl McLaughlin
Guy Marks, S. D.....Delmer Logan
Caleb Weston.....Baldo Tutman
Ned Andrews.....Wayne Hawkins
"Mollie" Runskool, a freshman.....
.....Ralph Emerson
Bill Carter.....Noble Logan
Professor Dixon.....Charles Henderson
Amy, his daughter.....Dorothy Melsome

CAST OF THE SENIOR PLAY

STAFF

DOROTHY MELSOME
NOBLE LOGAN
SYLVIA WYMAN

EARL McLAUGHLIN
HELEN BAKER

JACK EHRHORN
GLADYS NEWNAN
MARIAN SNELL

STAFF

MARIAN REGLI
WILLIAM GEISLER
STANLEY HAWKINS

WAYNE HAWKINS
RUTH MELSOME

RICHARD LEWIS
RUTH NOLL
VERNE LOVEJOY

EDITORIALS

THE STAFF

DOROTHY MELSOME - - - - - - - - - - - *Editor*
EARL MCLAUGHLIN - - - - - - - *Business Manager*
JACK EHRHORN - - - - *Assistant Business Manager*
NOBLE LOGAN - - - - - - - *Senior Representative*
GLADYS NEWNAN - - - - - *Junior Representative*
SYLVIA WYMAN - - - - - - *Sophomore Representative*
MARIAN SNELL - - - - - - *Freshman Representative*
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MARIAN REGLI - - - - - - - - - - - *Snapshots*
RUTH NOLL - - - - *Social Notes and Organizations*
WILLIAM GEISLER - - - *Class Will and Horoscope*
WAYNE HAWKINS - - - - - - - - *Boys' Athletics*
RUTH MELSOME - - - - - - - - *Girls' Athletics*
STANLEY HAWKINS - - - - - - - - *Josh Editor*
VERNE LOVEJOY - - - - - - *Assistant Josh Editor*

"ONE HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN"

Because of the great World War, its sudden ending, and the events following, this year must ever stand as the greatest in all history. There never has been, and we hope never will be, such another. Its mark for good or ill has been left, perhaps, on even the remotest hamlet. We of Mountain View, and particularly of Mountain View High School, have been proud and glad to share something of its sorrows and something of its glories. Many of our students, past and present, entered the service of our country.

We are proud, indeed, that our honored principal was offered, and promptly accepted, the commission of a second lieutenant. During Mr. Hester's leave of absence, the school was very fortunate to be under the able guidance of Mr. Victor M. Staley, a man of rare scholarly attainments and nobility of character. Shortly after the signing of the armistice, Mr. Hester was loyally welcomed into our midst again. He seemed to infuse something of the military atmosphere into our school life, and, physically and mentally alert, we faced our task with the slogan: "The Survival of the Fittest." In common with other schools, much time had been lost on account of the influenza epidemic, but, nothing daunted, our students showed that they realized their position and must "dig" to get "over the top."

In making up our work we can proudly say that we accomplished what few schools have been able to do, and much credit is due to the indefatigable efforts of our principal and staff of teachers.

In our various activities for war service our school was "one hundred per cent American." Our work in the Junior Red Cross was praised most highly by the local chapter. The W. S. S. drive, the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and several other worthy causes all met with a generous and patriotic support.

We who are leaving are proud, indeed, of the name and record of our high school; and those of us who remain to continue our work here must see to it that we cherish this name and add to its splendid record. D. M., '19.

THE SHOP AND EQUIPMENT

It may truthfully be said that our high school is one of the most progressive schools of the State. Besides having excellent equipment in woodwork and lathe work, the School Board has, within the last year, installed a complete forging outfit capable of giving excellent results.

The entire building was constructed by the students and backed financially by the board. Plans are now under way for the installation of an automobile shop equipment where the boys can study the mechanism of gasoline and electric motors. For the present the boys are doing splendid work under the direction of Beryl K. Smith, teacher of manual arts. A bright future for this department is anticipated by both the faculty and students. W. G., '19.

THE SHOP

LEFT TO RIGHT: BOOHER, TARR, KING, HOLEMAN, B. SMITH (INSTRUCTOR), POWERS, LOVEJOY, J. LEWIS, REGLI, GEISLER

THOSE SWEET SENIORS!

ATHLETICS

R. Bowers.

Boys' Athletics

BASKET-BALL

WAYNE HAWKINS, '19

For the past three years basket-ball has been a major sport at Mountain View. These three years have enabled Mountain View to build up one of the fastest teams to be found in the State, and we may truthfully say we have the greatest aggregation of good players the school has ever had. Right from the start, when Coach Smith issued the call for candidates, it was seen that we would have what we had long hoped for—a pennant-winning team. Right up to the finish, when Captain Tutman threw the last basket in the final game, the boys fought hard, and hotly contested every basket their opponents made. Seventeen victories and but one defeat is a record of which we may justly be proud, and a record which should and will serve as a standard for future Mountain View teams.

This gave us the Interurban Athletic Union championship and pennant for the first time in the history of the school, and also second place in the Peninsular Athletic League, a position for which many larger schools had tried and had failed.

This year's team was a well-balanced one, being particularly strong at one forward and both guard positions. Captain Tutman at forward was fast and a sure shot. His working partner, S. Hawkins, was a hard fighter and fine passer. Between them they developed some wonderful team work. Regli, who alternated at forward, although a Freshman and inexperienced, shows up finely and promises to develop into a star next year. At center both Bowers and Wright played stellar games, fighting all the time, while Sloan featured at guard, ably assisted by W. Hawkins and Cameron. These three men were in the game every minute and made their opponents fight for every basket. This man Sloan,

although coming to Mountain View in the middle of the season, quickly acquired the unconquerable Mountain View spirit, and made the team at a jump, starring in every game that he played.

In all, it was a most successful season, and had it not been for the fact that the entire team had just got over the effect of the influenza when the San Jose game was played, there might have been a different story to tell. E. McLaughlin, manager of the team, together with Coach Smith, although not a player, deserves a large amount of credit for the many practice games procured, as these greatly aided us in our league season.

The following scores show the remarkable work accomplished by Captain Tutman's aggregation of fighters as ably coached by B. K. Smith.

I. A. U. League Games: 1—Mt. View 52 vs. Santa Clara 26. 2—Mt. View 24 vs. Santa Clara 23. Mt. View 30 vs. Campbell 29. 4—Mt. View 45 vs. Montezuma 16. Campbell and Montezuma forfeited their second games.

P. A. League Games: 1—Mt. View 35 vs. Palo Alto 16. 2—Mt. View 39 vs. San Mateo 19. 3—Mt. View 11 vs. San Jose 41. 4. Mt. View 20 vs. Redwood City 16. Santa Clara, Campbell and South San Francisco forfeited.

Practice Games: 1—Mt. View 34 vs. Santa Clara 11. 2—Mt. View 21 vs. Santa Clara 18. 3—Mt. View 45 vs. Santa Clara College "preps" 19. 4—Mt. View 46 vs. College of Pacific "preps" 23. 5—Mt. View 36 vs. San Mateo 28. 6—Mt. View 58 vs. P. G. & E. Co. 15. 7—Mt. View 20 vs. Campbell 19. 8—Mt. View 34 vs. Campbell 20.

STANDING OF TEAMS IN BOTH LEAGUES

	I. A. U.	W.	L.	P.C.T.
1	Mt. View	6	0	1.000
2	Santa Clara	4	2	.666
3	Montezuma	2	4	.333
4	Campbell	0	6	.000

	P. A. L.	W.	L.	P.C.T.
1	San Jose	6	0	1.000
2	Mt. View	5	1	.833
3	Redwood City	4	2	.666
4	San Mateo	3	3	.500
5	Palo Alto	1	5	.200
6	Campbell	1	5	.200
7	Santa Clara	0	6	.000
8	S. San Francisco	0	6	.000

The personnel of the team was as follows: Tutman (captain); S. Hawkins, Regli, forwards; R. Bowers, Wright, centers; Sloan, W. Hawkins, Cameron, guards; B. K. Smith, coach; McLaughlin, manager.

Although we lose three star men by graduation, the prospects for a fast team next year are very bright, and it is hoped that we may make even a better record than that of this year.

BASKETBALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT: B. SMITH (COACH), W. HAWKINS, S. HAWKINS, REGLI, SLOAN, CAMERON, WRIGHT, R. BOWERS, TUTMAN (CAPTAIN)

BASEBALL

Baseball started with good prospects this year, but we received a severe setback by losing our catcher for the most of the league games, and this weakened the team materially. Notwithstanding this, however, we were able to take second place in the I. A. U., and, ably assisted by Mr. Hester, former Seal pitcher, Coach Smith, and Captain Hawkins, we managed to win over 50 per cent of our games. The team was weak in hitting, but strong in fielding.

Judging by the averages made in the practice games after the league season was over, we have very promising material for a championship team next year. It will be noticed we suffered but one defeat after the league season was over, and that at the hands of the P. A. L. champions. The scores were as follows:

Mt. View 2, Stanford Frosh 3; Mt. View 8, Campbell 3; Mt. View 11, Los Gatos 3; Mt. View 0, Palo Alto 6; Mt. View 2, Los Gatos 3; Mt. View 8, Campbell 1; Mt. View 8, Santa Clara 9; Mt. View 3, Santa Clara 9; Mt. View 4, Palo Alto 5; Mt. View 3, San Mateo 5; Mt. View 5, Centerville 4 (12 innings); Mt. View 7, St. Joseph's 0; Mt. View 11, St. Joseph's 9; Mt. View 13, Redwood City 4.

The lineup was as follows: Stanley Hawkins, ss; Wayne Hawkins (capt.), 1b, c, p; Delmer Logan, 3b and c; Jess Regli, c; Baldo Tutman, cf; Bill Geisler, rf; Jack Ehrhorn, lf; Charles Henderson, 2b; Louis Mays, 1b; Paul Cameron, rf; Robert Bowers, p; Powers and McLaughlin, subs.

This is Charles Henderson's first year at athletics, as far as the school teams are concerned, and he has surely shown up well. His great success both in baseball and track should be an incentive to all of the small fellows. It shows that it does not take *size*, but *training*, to become an athletic star. It is the hope of everyone that some of the small boys will follow "Chick's" example and go out for athletics next year.

THE TRACK

The boys' track team this year is one of the best in the history of the school. Led by Captain R. Bowers, one of the best high school weight men in the whole West, we went to Berkeley, nine strong, on Saturday, April 12th, and made a very creditable showing.

Bowers, with a put of 44 feet 2 inches in the shot and 110 feet 11½ inches in the discus, captured both of these events. "Chick" Henderson took fourth place in the 120-pound class, eight-pound shot-put, making a total of 11 points, and tying us with Lick-Wilmerding for sixth place out of thirteen of the largest schools in the North Coast section of the C. I. F. The rest of the boys tried hard and showed up well, taking a number of fifths and sixths. This was remarkable in itself, since there were not less than eighteen to thirty men entereed in each event. The men and the events in which they entered were as follows:

B. Tutman—100 yd., 220 yd., discus.
S. Hawkins—220 yd., shot-put, broad jump.
R. Bowers (capt.)—Shot-put, discus, high hurdles.
Mays—Low hurdles, high hurdles, high jump.
W. Hawkins—880, 440 javelin.
Wright—Mile, 880, broad jump.
Geisler—880, broad jump.
Henderson—120-pound events, javelin.
Tom Sloan—Pole vault, low hurdles.

These men made the trip to Berkeley, while the following were added for the rest of the meets:

Regli—100, 220, broad, relay.
Emerson—880, pole vault, mile.
Close—120-pound class.
J. Lewis—120-pound class.
Cameron—Javelin throw.
McLaughlin—440, 880.
D. Logan—880, mile.

UPPER—BASEBALL TEAM

UPPER ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): HENDERSON, D. LOGAN, CAMERON, REGLI, S. HAWKINS, B. SMITH (COACH).

LOWER ROW: EHRHORN (MGR.), TUTMAN, MAYS, GEISLER, R. BOWERS, W. HAWKINS (CAPT.).

LOWER—TRACK TEAM

UPPER ROW: S. HAWKINS, CAMERON, M'LAUGHLIN, GEISLER, B. SMITH (COACH), WRIGHT, SLOAN, EMERSON, EHRHORN (TRAINER). CENTER: R. BOWERS (CAPT.).

LOWER ROW: TUTMAN, CLOSE, MAYS, HENDERSON, W. HAWKINS, LEWIS, REGLI.

Results of the P. A. L. meet are as follows:

Event	Won by	Second	Third	Fourth	Time or Distance
100-yd. dash	Waterman, P. A.	Moody, S. J.	Hunter, S. M.	Regli, M. V.	10.4 s.
220-yd. dash	Moody, S. J.	Waterman, P. A.	Hunter, S. M.	Tutman, M. V.	24.1 s.
440-yd. dash	Amerine, S. J.	Cottle, S. J.	Levy, P. A.	W.Ha'kins, M.V.	55 s.
880-yd. dash	Schofield, P. A.	Cottle, S. J.	Carnduff, P.A.	Emerson, M.V.	2 m. 9 s.
Mile run	Carnduff, P. A.	Wright, M. V.	Conklin, S. J.	.....	4 m. 55 s.
220-yd. hurdles	Hardman, P. A.	Mays, M. V.	Herdeman, P. A.	.....	28.1 s.
120-yd. hurdles	Howell, S. J.	Hotchkiss, S. J.	Mays, M. V.	Bowers, M. V.	18.1 s.
12-lb. shot-put	Bowers, M. V.	De Groot, R.	S.Hawkins, M.V.	Silver, S. J.	47 ft. 23 in.
Discus	Bowers, M. V.	Silver, S. J.	Tutman, M. V.	Moore, P. A.	109 ft. 11½ in.
Javelin	Carnduff, P. A.	Green, P. A.	Moore, P.A.	W.Ha'kins, M.V.	118 ft.
Pole vault	Schofield, P. A.	Sloan, M. V.	Daves, S. J.	Emerson, M.V.	10 ft.
Relay race	San Jose	Mountain View	Palo Alto	.....	1 m. 39.1 s.
Broad jump	Howell, S. J.	Hunter, S. M.	Regli, M. V.	Geisler, M. V.	36 ft. 11in.
8-lb. shot-put	Daves, S. J.	Henderson MV	.....	.....	36 ft. 11in.
High jump	Howell, S. J.	.....	.....	Mays, M. V.	

Points scored: Palo Alto, 68⅓; San Jose, 58; Mountain View 41⅓; San Mateo, 17; Redwood City, 3⅓.

Mountain View made a very good showing in this meet, winning a close third to two schools, both of which are many times its size, and beating two other much larger schools by a large margin. Bowers was the real star of the meet, with two first and a fourth place, while Wright showed up well in the mile, doing it in 4:55 1/5, the best time made by a Mountain View man in this event in eight years. Bowers broke the shot-put record with a heave of 47 feet and 2¾ inches, and also the discus record, at 109 feet and 11½ inches.

State Meet

Thanks to the aid of two high school girls who solicited money one morning, and to the business men of the town who contributed, we were able to send our husky track captain south to the State meet, where he made a very creditable showing, taking second place in the shot-put. The meet took place in a driving rain, and but for this we are confident Bowers would have done much better in both shot and discus, since the marks made in this meet were much less than he has made at home.

Centerville Meet

Mountain View went to Centerville April 30th, handicapped by a week's vacation, which kept the boys from training. At that, the score was close, the relay deciding the meet. Had we trained better we would easily have captured the long end of the score. At the end the score stood: Centerville 65, Mountain View 58. Tutman was the high-point winner, with 14 points.

We are looking forward to at least three more dual meets in the future, besides the I. A. U. meet. The boys are training steadily, for we expect to take the I. A. U. championship again this year. We took it with 10 points to spare last year and ought to repeat, only by a much larger score.

The dual meets include a meet with Palo Alto and one with University High of Oakland. The whole of Mountain View's spirit seems to have been, "Watch us go," from the beginning of the year. At least two more pennants will hang in the Assembly Hall before the year is over.

[Editor's last-minute note: We did as we had hoped to do—we took the I. A. U. pennant by a large margin! Results were: Mountain View 82½, Los Gatos 41½, Santa Clara 39.]

Girls' Athletics

Ruth Melsome, '21

Although this is about the girls' athletics, it is hardly possible to write about their activities without mentioning the boys, too. There is very hearty coöperation between them. Few schools show the spirit Mountain View shows in her various activities. The boys' victories and losses are also the girls'. They attend and support the boys in the various games in the most enthusiastic manner possible. Nevertheless the girls are splendid players themselves, for they won the P. A. L. of the C. I. F. League this year.

BASKET-BALL

The basket-ball girls are chiefly sophomores, and as they played a splendid game last year, they expected to, and succeeded in, playing a good game this year. The team work was excellent—fast, clever, and sure. The forwards—Marian Regli (captain) and Jessie Garlieppe—play a wonderful game, both girls being splendid shots at the basket, and their passing was beautiful. Jessie Garlieppe is small, but one of the most versatile players. Marian Regli distinguished herself by keeping perfectly cool and calm in a most critical moment.

The centers—Ruth Melsome (manager) and Marie Bianchi—played a very good game by having their passing down to a science. Marie Bianchi is quite small, but unusually quick and active. Ruth Melsome played well because she is so tall she cannot help but put "the touch" over her opponents.

The guards—Sylvia Wyman and Kathleen Logue—played a good game. Kathleen Logue excelled in catching the long, hard throws which our opponents practiced. Sylvia Wyman, also short, always annoyed her opponents, for she has a clever trick of persistently jumping up and down in front of the girl who is trying to "shoot."

The substitutes are Olga Miller, Dorothy Ehrhorn, and Lucy Porter. Olga Miller is a side-center, and she is a very clever one, small and quick. Dorothy Ehrhorn started very successfully at the beginning of the year as a guard. However, on account of spraining her ankle, her basket-ball career was ended. Lucy Porter is only a freshman, but she plays a good game and substituted as forward.

Miss Beers coached the girls' basket-ball team this year. She was very faithful; every night she was out with them, whether there were but few or many to play. She commanded the respect of the girls at all times, but was ever ready for a good joke. Her work will always be remembered by the 1919 team.

The girls' P. A. L. of the C. I. F. League this year was very small, San Mateo being the only school besides Mountain View. However, it was the only school Mountain View feared, for but two years ago San Mateo won the California State championship, and has held for three years running the P. A. L. of the C. I. F. League championship.

The scores of the league games were as follows:

Mountain View vs. San Mateo, at Mountain View, 17 to 6 in Mountain View's favor.
Mountain View vs. San Mateo, at San Mateo—20 to 21 in San Mateo's favor.
Mountain View vs. San Mateo, at Stanford University—40 to 8 in Mountain View's favor.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Mr. Hester teaches Physical Education to the girls. Every girl is required to take this work at least two hours a week. If they take part in some sport, they are not required to have the physical work, although many take both. This work is very important. There were a number of girls who previously stayed inside and studied, rather than go out for any sport. They now come in at the end of the period with glowing faces, talking and laughing.

Mr. Hester has been especially fine in this work. He had five months' training in the army and received a commission during the time of the war; consequently he is an unusually good instructor in the setting-up exercises. He has given Mountain View girls and boys advantages in this way that other schools lack. Certainly nothing could put more vim and enthusiasm into the girls than has Physical Education.

BASKETBALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT: J. GARLIEPP, MILLER, BIANCHI, LOGUE, WYMAN, REGLI (CAPT.)
PORTER, R. MELSOME (MGR.).

Tennis

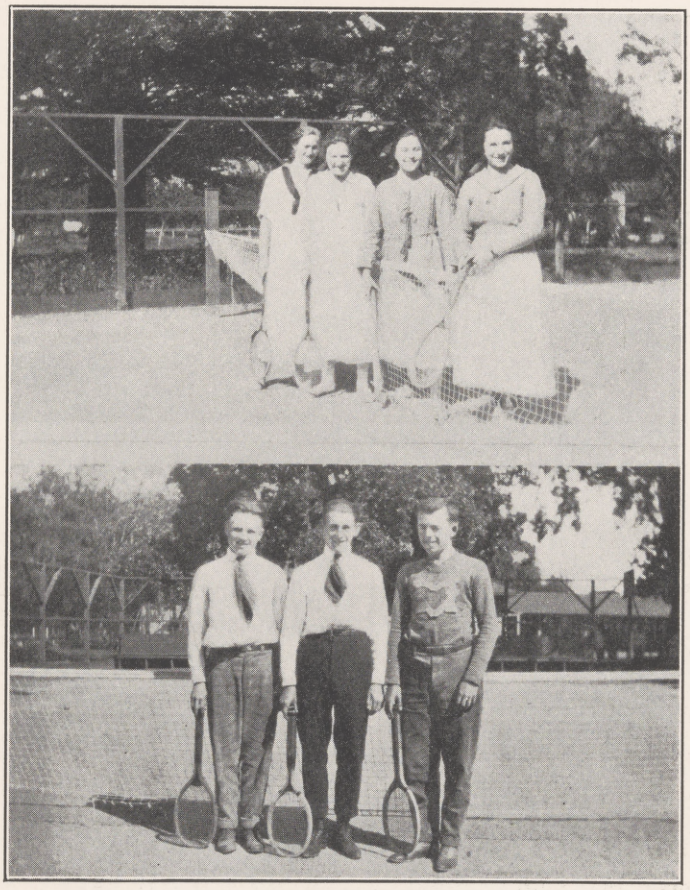
Ruth Melsome, '21, Wayne Hawkins, '19

This year's tennis team is composed of some fast players, who, although defeated in the P. A. L. tournament, ought to take the I. A. U. pennant. All things considered, the chances of seeing this pennant hang in the Assembly Hall this year are very bright. The team consists of the following: Boys' singles, W. Hawkins; boys' doubles, Ehrhorn and S. Hawkins; mixed doubles, Ehrhorn and Kathleen Logue. Girls' singles, Dorothy Ehrhorn; girls' doubles, Sylvia Wyman and Ruth Melsome.

W. Hawkins has an effective serve, and is fast on his feet. Ehrhorn is the best all-around player, has a good serve, powerful drive, and plays a good game at the net. S. Hawkins makes a good team-mate for Ehrhorn, plays a steady game and excels at the net.

Dorothy Ehrhorn is the cleverest of the girl players, has a reliable serve, and her back-hand strokes are as powerful as her straight drives. Sylvia Wyman, though not tall, plays a wonderful net game, and makes a good partner for Ruth Melsome, whose service is her strongest point. Kathleen Logue, who played in the mixed doubles with Ehrhorn, plays a good game in back court, but with her partner went down to defeat against San Jose's team, the winners of the finals.

Ehrhorn and S. Hawkins, the doubles team, made a fine showing against San Mateo, making them go to the extra set to win. The drawing pitted Dorothy Ehrhorn against the strongest of her rivals, and though she put up a splendid fight she was defeated by the Palo Alto girl, who won the final victory of the day. Sylvia Wyman and Ruth Melsome were victorious over San Jose, but lost in the finals to Palo Alto, thus getting second place.

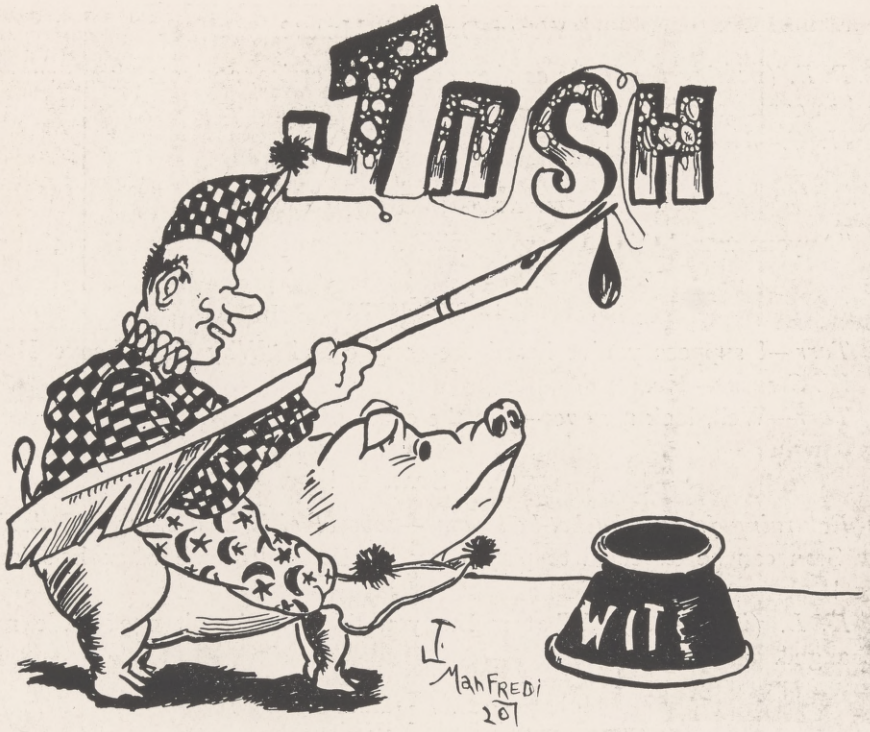


TENNIS PLAYERS

UPPER (LEFT TO RIGHT) : R. MELSOME, D. EHRHORN, S. WYMAN, K. LOGUE
LOWER (LEFT TO RIGHT) : J. EHRHORN, S. HAWKINS, W. HAWKINS

[Editor's last-minute note: Only five of our tennis players were able to play in the I. A. U. tennis tournament, held at Santa Clara, but the playing was splendid and we ran off with the pennant. Sylvia Wyman and Ruth Melsome won in girls' doubles, Dorothy Ehrhorn won in girls' singles, and Dorothy Ehrhorn and Stanley Hawkins won in mixed doubles. Although Jack Ehrhorn lost in boys' singles, and he and Stanley Hawkins also lost in boys' doubles, they were both close, hot fights, and beautiful playing was shown.]

Blossom Time
Who's your friend?
Bashful?
"Aint we sweet??"
Potato chips
Play Practice!
"Betty"
Camera shy
Ready?
Oh!!
We're on our way
Manager "Cope"
"Baker"
There you are!
Our tennis coach
Junior meeting



Favorite Songs

Freshmen—"M-o-t-h-e-r spells mother."

Sophomores—"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!"

Juniors—"Give me the moonlight—give me the girl——!"

Seniors—"Where do we go from here, boys?"

Sophomore Wit

Sophie—Silk stockings sure are common these days. When my mother was young very few people wore them.

Freshie (boastfully)—Huh! My mother was married in 'em.

Sophie—Really! My mother was married in a church!

Was "Specks" Right?

Mrs. H. (to cast of Senior play): Would it be possible to have any rehearsals during the week's vacation?

Baldo—I won't be able to. I'll be many miles away!

"Specks" Logan—Sunnyvale—many miles away! Haw! Haw!

Question—If a girl that works on a farm is called a farmerette, is a girl that works in a cigar factory a cigarette?

What Did She Mean?

R. E. (naming the fruits as they come)—Cherries, apricots, then prunes and peaches come together, and——

H. C.—Not always!

Heard at the Glen Theater

"Anyone would think I were drunk," said Verne Lovejoy, as he reeled away.

Lady-Killer

Tarr—I suppose you've heard the song called "Why Girls Leave Home"?

W. Stevens—No.

Tarr—Well, look me over—I'm the cause of it!

Oh! Stanley!

Returning from a basket-ball game—several girls in a chorus—I don't see how Stan can be expected to play a good basket-ball game when he's lost his heart!

K. L. (innocently): What makes you think he hasn't one? We merely exchanged.

What Next?

W. G.—I don't approve of dancing.

B. Tut.—Why?

W. G.—It is hugging to music.

B. Tut.—And what don't you like about that?

W. G.—The music!

What the Freshies Would Like To Know

Why are we called "green"?

Who is Bill Geisler's girl?

Where do the awful odors come from, sixth and seventh periods?

Whom did Baldo Tutman and Paul Cameron have supper with Thursday night, April the seventeenth?

Why are we scolded so much?

How do the Seniors get away with all they do without being caught?

Why is Ruth Melsome called "Little One"?

Why is it the *Seniors* are put up as an example to us? (We can't fathom this).

Why do some of the girls in the upper classes look like they'd fallen into flour sacks?

Aspiring medical students among us would like to know just where Bob Wright's heart is located.

Why are we made fun of in the Annual?

Athletic News

The athletic spirit in our school ran so high that at last the girls decided to have a track team.

Miss Helen Curtis, who lives close to a strawberry patch which has a hedge of blackberries four feet high running around it, became so accustomed to jumping the hedge that she decided to try out for the high hurdles.

Miss Ruth Melsome, who was once chased by a cow and bounded a barb-wire fence with a fishing pole, decided to go out for the pole vault.

Miss Dorothy Melsome, whose house was so arranged that the cook stove was a considerable distance from the dining table, knew at once that the fifty-yard dash was her long suit.

Miss Helen Baker, who lives a considerable distance from the school jitney station, finding it necessary to run to catch it, tried out for the mile.

Miss Kitty Logue, when out walking one evening, was scared by a gopher snake. She made such good time getting away that she knew she had the four-forty cinched.

Miss Lois Prior, who has a stream of water to jump over on her way to school, decided to go out for the broad jump.

Miss Jessie Garlieppe, who arose every night to throw rocks at a barking dog, across the street, decided to try her luck at heaving the shot.

Miss Sylvia Wyman, who succeeded in chasing a tramp out of her garden by throwing a broom at him from the upstairs window, recognized her ability with the javelin.

Miss Marian Regli, who one time hit a minister with a piece of rhubarb pie at a basket-social, decided to throw the discus.

Giving Himself Away

W. H. G.—Where are you going, Wayne?

W. Hawkins—I'm taking this dog back to Garliepp's. The durn cuss follows me home every night.

Speed Demon?

M. Holeman—Gee! I went 50 per in my Ford.

Prof S.—You'll be wrecking something.

B. Tarr—How fast can you go, Prof?

Prof. S.—I don't speed.

M. H.—I'll bet you can't go 40!

Prof. S.—Why, man! I came close to 45 over in the valley.

B. T—I thought you didn't speed, Prof!

Ifs

If Hattie Bowers were bread,
Would Helen Baker?

If Jess Regli is President,
Is Ernest King?

If Huck were Robinson Crusoe,
Is John Manfredi?

If our teacher is wrong,
Is Robert Wright?

If Leon Couch were a Mercer,
Is Wenonah Stevens?

If Bill Geisler were a hook and line,
Would Dorothy Bate(s)?

If the English-room door were closed,
Could Lois Prior open?

If the cow got loose,
Would Paul Boo-her?

If Ralph Emerson is paint,
Is Byron Tarr?

If Verne Lovejoy is corn,
Is Louis Mays?

After Miss M. had worked feverishly, explaining the word "climax" to the class, that impossible child, Delmer Logan, came out with:

"Would that I had a big chew of Climax!"

Clevah!

"Cope"—I got a C for using the word "crook" this morning in English.

Helen C.—That was a crooked deal, huh, Cope?

Little grains of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make the little maiden,
Look like what she ain't! —*Ex.*

I Wonder

Miss Beers (peering over a high pile of encyclopedias and dictionaries)—Byron, can you tell me where shingles were first used?

Byron—Ah—um—I'd hate to tell you!

Poor "Cope" Can't Understand

"Cope" (holding a rabbit up by the ears)—What's two times two? Quick! I say, what's two times two? Hurry up, now! Well, you ignorant mutt—then, what's two plus two? You durn little fool, you don't know——

Mother Mc. (suddenly arriving from the back door)—Earl, what on earth are you trying to do?

"Cope"—Mamma, the teacher at school said that rabbits multiply very rapidly, but this ignorant guy can't even add.

Mr. Snell (in Geometry)—William, name two kinds of polyhedrons.

Bill (dreaming of Saturday night)—Parallel pipes and cubebs. (Parallel pipeds and cubes.)

Sloan—I hope the war has put an end to the former Turkish atrocities.

Ralph—So do I. I never could stand to smoke more than one of the darn things, anyway.

Those Seniors

Mrs. Hester (in sociology)—Name two different kinds of guilds.
A Senior—Ah—um??!!
Another Senior—Fishes' gil(d)s—and—?!

Suspicious

Cope (to Nub, who had a wry face and was rubbing his arm)—Um! Had your arm around her too long—oh, Nub!

Who Are the Following?

Kitty; Possum; Nub; Dee; Kerosene; Flap; Del; Huck; Tubby; Battie; Cope; Marie K.; Emie; Tess; Brownie; Betty; Joel; Hawkshaw; Sib; Ninny; Tut; Chick; Mopey; T. K.; Skuzz; Tarr; Desperate Willy; Gen.

Juniors!

Mr. Hester (to L. Mays)—What is a mole?
Mays (reading a love note from a Frosh)—Something the size of—(Ehrhorn, what is it?)

George—Do you know why they didn't hang the Kaiser?
Jess—No.
George—The San Francisco Call and Post ran out of paper.

Prof. Hester (in Chemistry)—If the contents of this beaker should ignite, we would all be blown sky high. Now, class, come in a little closer, so you can follow me——

Miss Hodges—Minter, please put that match away.

Minter—Aw, I've had it in my pocket a long time, and it's been burning a hole in it.

Algebra Lecture

Miss Beers—Men came to this world to make it go forward. What are women here for?

Jess R.—To make it go backward.

Hattie Bowers—Gee! But I feel thin!

Helen Curtis—How does it feel? I never felt that way!

What the Blue and Gray Couldn't Find Out

Where Holeman goes every night after school.

Why T. K. Sloan worries so much about his shape.

Why D. Logan asks so many questions in Physics.

Why L. Mays looks toward the Grammar School so longingly.

Where Cope went the night of the San Mateo basket-ball game. (Ask Couch?)

Who put the carbon disulfide in Tarr's pocket.

When Emerson goes to bed—(12:00 or 1:00).

Where Tutman goes for 5 minutes at the beginning of every second period in the afternoon. (Ask Helen!)

Natural

Frosh—Something smells like burnt rubber.

Other Frosh—Oh, that's nothing but some Senior's neck.

(Ed. Note: This dear joke is so ancient that we print it from force of habit.)

An Excuse

Paul C. (on a rainy night)—Gosh! Isn't it raining, though, Helen!

Helen C.—Never mind, Paulie; take Dad's umbrella, then perhaps he won't mind if you come again.

Lost

Miss Hodges (in Biology)—Minter, will you please ride your wheel down to the butcher's and get a heart for us to study? I came without one this morning.

Students—Oh!! (whisper—Who is he?)

Teacher—We will have an oral review today.
Freshman—Do we write on the board in an oral review?

A Frosh to B. Tarr—How do you catch a chicken?
B. Tarr—I don't know. I never could catch one.

Biology Stuff

Oh, Miss Hodges! I lost my leg!
Paul, give me back my heart.
Where, oh, where is my stomach?
My wing fell off.

Sometimes

Mrs. Hester (in sociology)—It is so, is it not, that when one goes into a partnership he must give up some of his privileges?
Dee Melsome—What kind of a partnership do you mean?

Marian Snell—Wenonah, why so happy?
Wenonah—Oh! I'm going Dodge-ing tonight!

Did She?

Mrs. H. (in sociology)—Are there really people who are inherently lazy?
Class (in chorus)—Yes!
Mrs. H.—Did I hear someone say that I would not have to go outside this class to find some?

Another little boy I know
By name of Delmer Logan;
Hattie says, "He's a sweet little thing."
He says, "It's a darling slogan." —*W. G.*

Ambitious Young Man (to busy editor)—Have you an opening here for me?
Editor—Yes; you just came through it.

Now, Wasn't That Embarrassing!!

Frosh—Tell me a fairy story.
Tutman—All right, my boy. One night I went out with a couple of fairies and—sh!!—here comes Helen!

Said Atom to fair Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
Then Molly Cule did quick retort,
"There's no affinity."

Under electric light's shade,
Poor Atom expected to meet her,
But she eloped with a radical base,
And now she's Mrs. Salt Peter. —*Ex.*

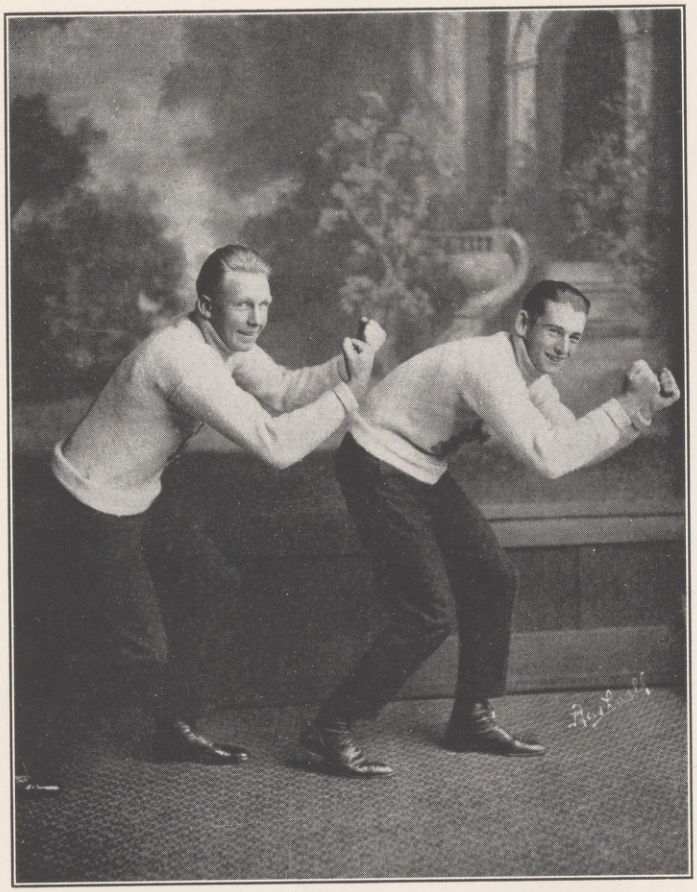
D. Logan's Gum

Logan had a piece of gum,
He chewed it loud and slow,
And everywhere that Logan went
That gum was sure to go.

He took it with him to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
The teacher took it away from him
And chewed it after school!

Just Imagine

E. McLaughlin getting 5 A's.
G. Newnan getting 5 E's.
J. Glann a dancing teacher.
M. Regli an old maid.
B. Tutman sole agent for salve.
R. Melsome being short.
V. Lovejoy with red hair.
S. Wyman with curls.
K. Logue wearing glasses.
J. Springer with long pants.
L. Mays despising girls.



COME ON—NOW—EVERYBODY! A BIG "SKY-ROCKET" FOR MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL!

YELL LEADERS: WILLIAM GEISLER
STANLEY HAWKINS